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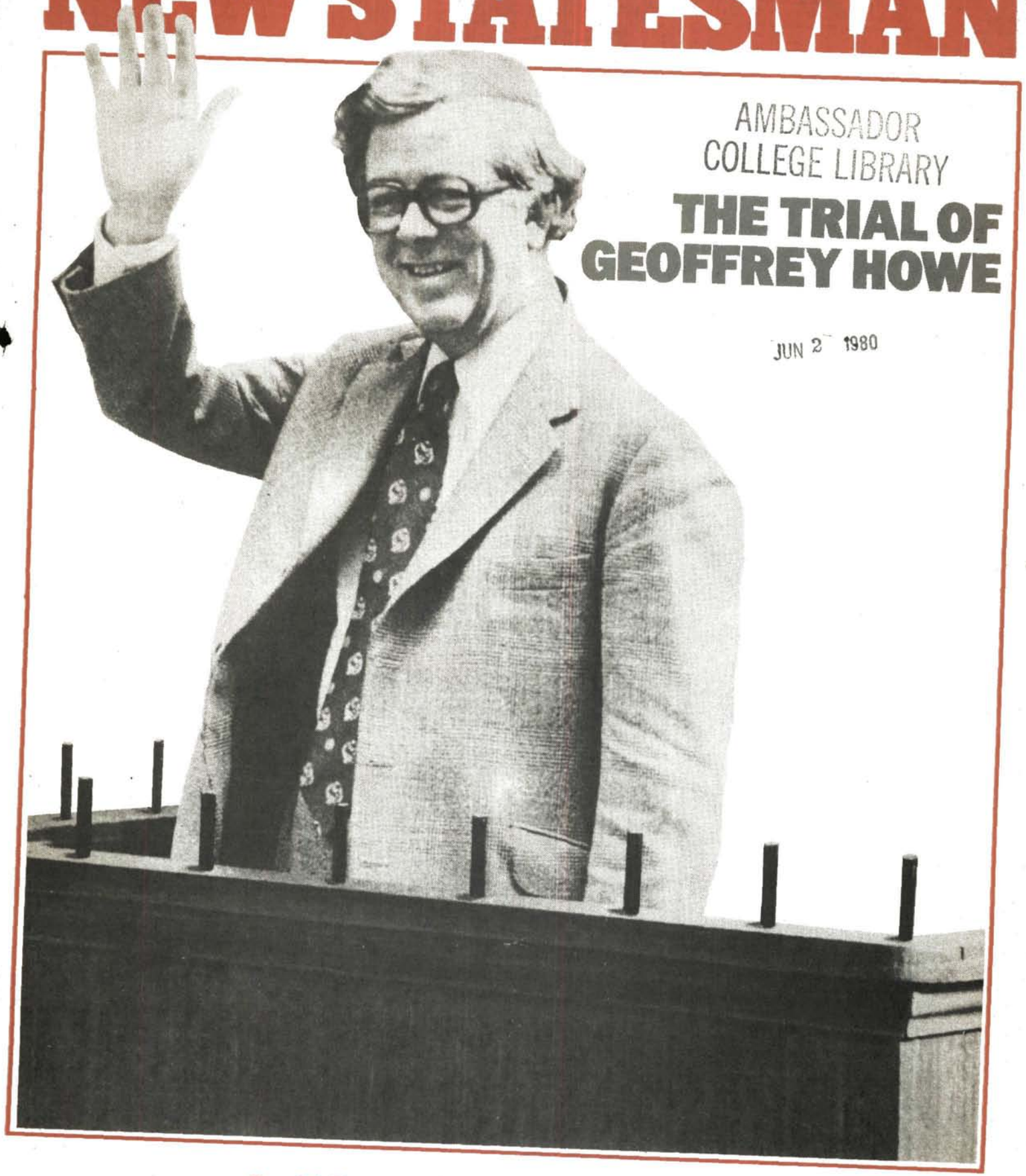
NEW STATESMAN



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THE TRIAL OF GEOFFREY HOWE

JUN 2 1980

Judith Todd: Free Zimbabwe
The Shah destabilises Carter
John Boyd Sings: 'I'm sticking to the Union'
Chomsky v. the media

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 99 25 April 1980 No 2562

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Once more into the breach

A SPECTRE is, if the pundits are to be believed, haunting Europe. Like most spectres, it belongs in the realm of the imagination rather than the sphere of fact — but this only increases its influences over some of our commentators and politicians. The spectre is that of 'American isolationism'. It has succeeded in bewitching and confusing the entire argument over the 'Western alliance'.

A moment's reflection is enough to dispel the notion of American introversion. Superpowers indeed like to portray and imagine themselves as misunderstood and reluctant in their global operations. The idea of the white man's burden, taken up with altruism and resignation, is very beloved of Presidents and Secretaries of State. But it is hard to imagine any country more committed to an international role than the United States.

Her corporations roam the world in search of fresh opportunities. There is hardly a single earthly resource in which American capital fails to engage itself. American missiles are based in more than half the countries of Western Europe, trained on all the centres of population further east. No government in the Third World can even contemplate a change of course in policy without taking American response into account from the very first day. Fleets and bases fly the US flag in places far more widely separated than the Halls of Montezuma and the Shores of Tripoli. Is this isolation?

Superpowers must, no doubt, look after themselves and the interests of their clients. It is slightly excessive, however, for them to demand love and affection in return. For reasons of its own (never explained to the voters) our own government has agreed to the stationing of further American missiles in this country. Are the Americans thereby doing us a favour? Would they rather put them somewhere else? Were they afraid we would feel left out?

THERE is an almost masochistic strain in some of our 'isolationist' propaganda — perhaps related to a feeling of guilt about the large role now played by America on the world scene. The general view seems to be that if America needs support she should have it — and the details can be worked out later. How nice it would be if the British Establishment always felt that a promise was a promise; it would have spared Zimbabwe some fifteen years of war and oppression for one thing. But now the government and opposition combine to intone that Britain will 'pay any price, bear any burden', as long as the Americans are first into the breach. This is a poor foundation for a 'special relationship'.

The nadir of Anglo-American relations came when Harold Macmillan offered Britain as 'Greece to the American Rome'. The fruits of this ill-considered and unhistorical analogy were Blue Streak, Skybolt and the slavish attitude of the United Kingdom to the Vietnam war. America never quite sank to the level of Rome, but Britain never rose to anywhere near the level of Greece. Now Thatcher seems willing to simulate Carthage rather than appear a false friend. Some of the less-polished spokesmen of the Cold War offer charges of 'appeasement' and 'anti-Americanism' at about this point. It barely needs saying that such accusations are as cheap as they sound. 'Appeasement' covers only that microscopic element who really feel that the USSR is more sinned against than sinning. 'Anti-Americanism' is a more serious (because a more complex) charge.

A British democrat finds much to admire in the American system; especially its open style of government and its firm constitutional protection of rights we do not enjoy for ourselves. There is a breadth and generosity about American institutions and laws which make the British system look cramped and paltry. But there is no denying that American political arrangements are undergoing a rapid and severe change, and attempting to displace some of the cost of these by external 'toughness'. Why should those who are conducting this volatile experiment count on automatic European support?

European powers, selfish and reactionary though many of them are, have at least assimilated the *idea* of political socialism. America, so far, has not. If Robert Mugabe had emerged as a South American leader, many Americans — some of whom, in other moments, would portray Christopher Soames as a bloated reactionary — would be yelling for his overthrow as a test of 'American will'. Europe, not without pain and disgrace, has begun to leave that sort of fantasy behind.

If it was certain that America had outgrown old-style 'interventionism' and machismo, then it would be appropriate to rally round whether there was an election campaign or not. But an alliance is not a blank cheque, and neither Washington nor its British acolytes can really expect us to believe otherwise.

NOTES

A case of mistaken identity

Rob Rohrer writes: A juror has approached the *New Statesman* claiming that a Manchester jury was prejudiced by hearing that an accused person was identified from police photographs, as this indicated he had a police record — a matter normally witheld from juries. Peter Lamb, a 23 year old Manchester gas fitter, was jailed for two years last November when he was found guilty of wounding a student. Controversial identifications were uncorroborated by any other evidence and the irregularities in the methods used to identify Lamb will form part of his appeal next Tuesday before Lord Justices Lawton and Dunn and Mrs Justice Heilbron.

The juror has told the *New Statesman*: 'Quite a lot of them (the jurors) were influenced by the fact that the police photographs were produced'. After the sentence was passed Lamb's convictions were read out in court — a £25 fine for punching a doctor on the nose at a party. The juror recalls: 'We were stunned. I didn't think his previous offence was so trivial. I don't think the case should have been left to a jury to decide. The evidence was too insubstantial.'

It was alleged that Lamb, with two other assailants never caught by the police, chased a student and savagely beat him with a chain, fracturing his cheekbone and nose. By a majority of 10-1 (one juror had been discharged) Lamb was found guilty. Another juror in the case told the *Sunday Times* in February: 'I wrote a note to the judge asking "Please may we have a look at the mugshots." I remember it because that expression caused some mirth among the jurors. Two fellows said something like "He must have had some previous form, otherwise his

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NOTES

picture wouldn't have been in the book." '

Lamb's parents and two other relatives told the court he was at home at the time of the attack. Three students — including the victim — identified Lamb. The first student took only four minutes to pick Lamb's picture from the books containing 900 photographs. Shortly after, the other two students were shown the photograph files: this was a clear breach of Home Office guidelines which lay down that once a suspect has been picked out by one witness the photographs should not be shown to any other witness. The second student — the victim of the attack — failed to pick out anyone from the file. The third student, after four minutes examining the books, pointed to Lamb's picture and said: 'This one looks similar.'

Six days later the first student was allowed to identify Lamb by confrontation at a local police station — a long discredited procedure. After Lamb's trial this student admitted to discussing Lamb's physical appearance with the other students after the confrontation but before the identity parades. At the identity parades two students picked out Lamb, including the victim, but at the time time he conceded: 'I am uncertain, though'. The third student has since observed that there were only one or two on the parade who bore any resemblance to Lamb.

Four years ago the Devlin Report concluded: 'We wish to ensure that in ordinary cases prosecutions are not brought on eyewitness evidence only and that if brought they will fail.' Devlin was ignored and as the Lamb case shows it may be still all too easy for mistaken identity to end in wrongful conviction.

Lessons from Lebanon

Mary Holland writes: The Irish Government has reacted with considerable restraint to the killing of three of its soldiers in the United Nations peacekeeping force in South Lebanon by the Israeli-backed militia of Major Haddad. It has made it quite clear that there is no question of Ireland withdrawing its troops from the Unifil force, still less of abandoning an active commitment to the UN which extends over two decades. It has also refrained from overtly putting the blame for the soldiers' deaths on Israel, not easy in a small country where the killings have caused considerable public emotion, exacerbated by the aggressive tone taken by the Israeli ambassador to Ireland in a radio interview last Sunday.

The reaction of the Opposition parties and the media coverage of the killings has been less temperate. Dr. Garret Fitzgerald, leader of Fine Gael, and himself a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, has taken a strong anti-Israeli line and urged the government to press for an embargo on the sale of arms to Israel by the United States. Closer to home one mass circulation tabloid has already called on its readers to boycott all Israeli goods.

Although the question has not been explored very much in the Irish media it seems that the wisdom of the UN command in putting Irish troops into one of the toughest trouble spots in South Lebanon is, at the very least, questionable. The Irish government has recently recognised the PLO, apparently without fully realising that this would gravely affect the way their soldiers on the ground in the Lebanon would be viewed by Israel. There have been banner headlines in the Israeli press and rather more cautious reports in such papers as the *Washington Post* that the judgment of the Irish soldiers in relation to the PLO has not always been as impartial as one would expect from United Nations troops. This may be a foul slur on a fine body of men but if it is generally believed to be true in those areas where the Unifil force operates that must increase the already considerable hostility and the danger to the Irish troops who are still there. If more soldiers are killed and there are more highly emotional funerals when their bodies are brought home then Ireland's relations with the UN will come under severe strain.

Prize-winning film escapes child porn law

Bob Woffinden writes: Despite expectations to the contrary, Volker Schlöndorff's *The Tin Drum*, which last week took the Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film, has now been passed by the British Board of Film Censors and is expected to open here in early summer.

It had been thought that the film, which will be distributed in the UK by United Artists, would be refused certification altogether in this country because of possible infringement of the 1978 Protection of Children Act. This possibility had been raised by critics such as Richard Roud of the *Guardian*, Alexander Walker (*Evening Standard*) and Philip French (the *Observer*). Roud had stated categorically in his report from Cannes: 'There is not much point in describing it (*The Tin Drum*) closely, since as the law stands, it can never be shown in Britain.' In fairness, he didn't think it mattered much ('the loss is not a tremendous one'), but, whatever its merits, there would doubtless be wide interest in a film adaptation of Günter Grass's famous novel.

In the event, *The Tin Drum*, which also shared (with *Apocalypse Now*) the Grand Prix at the 1979 Cannes Film Festival, has been passed for exhibition with an 'X' certificate and a single cut of just over twenty seconds. The cut — of a boy burying his face in a girl's pubic hair — has been made by the producers and approved by the director.

'There has never been any question of banning an entire film,' says James Ferman, secretary of the BBFC, in reference to the ramifications of the 1978 Act. He says that concern that this might have been

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The Tin Drum's fate has only arisen because various people had misunderstood the finer points of the law. 'The Protection of Children Act restricts only the activities that minors are asked to perform, and not the dramatic implications of the scene.' Ferman doesn't imagine that the film will now encounter any legal difficulties. This is welcome news, since it had originally been anticipated that the Act might impinge far more severely on the public exhibition of serious work like *The Tin Drum*.

The only other major film so far affected by the 1978 Act is Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver,* which suffered one cut; also trimmed was a 1972 Mark Lester-Britt Ekland film of little merit called *Night Hair Child.*

Crisis for Brazilian government

Nick Terdre writes: The Brazilian metalworkers' strike which began on 1 April (see *NS* 11 April) has provoked the biggest crisis yet for the liberalising government headed by General Joao Baptista Figueiredo. The strike is centred in Santo André, Sao Bernardo and Sao Paulo city, which form the greatest industrial concentration in Latin America. Last weekend saw the surprise arrests of some 35 people. They were mostly members of the two unions still on strike, and included Brazil's best-known union leader, Luis Inácio da Silva (Lula). But also detained were Arnaldo Goncalves, leader of the metalworkers union in Santos, and two lawyers from the Catholic Church's Justice and Peace Commission in Sao Paulo, José Carlos Dias and Dalmo Dallari. Arrest warrants were also issued for Salvador Pires, of the Catholic National Labour Front, and Luis Eduardo Greenhalgh, a lawyer and leading member of the Brazilian Amnesty Committee in Sao Paulo. All were involved in the extensive support network which has been organised to raise funds and help with food supplies for the strike.

The arrests were carried out by the DOPS political police, though it seems that the decision actually originated among extremist elements in the army. Neither President Figueiredo nor his justice minister, the civilian Ibrahim Abi-Ackel, who is charged with implementing the liberalisation policy, knew what was happening. Indeed, the move seems to have been a warning to Figueiredo that liberalisation, and all the attendant strikes and other problems that it brings, has gone too far — a hearty dose of repression is needed to bring the country back to its sense. However, the head of DOPS in Sao Paulo reportedly threatened to resign at having to take respectable lawyers into custody. Dias and Dallari were in fact released after a short period, as were several others, though the majority of arrested strikers are still detained, apparently facing charges of 'incitement to strike'.

Prior to the arrests, the strike had followed a normal course, with some of the smaller unions settling for 7 per cent (the initial demand had been for 15 per cent, against the employers' initial offer of 3 per cent). The Regional Labour Court had reconsidered its original verdict and declared the strike illegal. Subsequently on the orders of the labour minister, Murilo Macedo, the two remaining unions headquarters were occupied by the police, their executives were summarily dismissed and their places taken by government nominees.

At a series of meetings up to 150,000 strikers decided, however, to stay out, and they have reaffirmed that decision following the arrests, even though a ban on assemblies has now been announced. The Church has taken over responsibility for ensuring food supplies, and organisationally there are grounds for believing that the strike can continue. Whatever happens to the strike, however, the events of the next few weeks will indicate to what extent Figueiredo has lost control and been obliged to curtail liberalisation, which though limited, has at least left space for the labour movement to spring back to life following the traumatic years of repression during most of the 1970s.

Railways' problems

Christopher Hird and Mick Hamer write: There is little prospect of British Rail both keeping its existing business going and keeping to the government imposed financial targets for the next four years. The annual report published this week makes it clear that unless the government changes it mind fares are going to rise, the rail network contract and standards decline. As things stand at the moment BR will not be able to keep within the cash limit for the Public Service Obligation — the grant towards the cost of passenger services — in 1981 and may even breach the limit this year. Keeping to the forecast PSO of £612 million this year — and avoiding another fare increase — relies heavily on the recent productivity deal succeeding and on increasing passenger business by 5 per cent.

Although BR are on their sales target so far this year, this is a fairly ambitious objective: the number of passenger miles travelled on BR last year was the highest since 1961. The productivity deal — which is linked to the recent 20 per cent pay increase — is aimed particularly at the freight operation — which gets no goverment support — and administrative costs. BR hope to save some £20 million in each of the next three years with this deal.

Initially, BR aim to reduce freight staff to match traffic but in the long term the aim is the closure of several marshalling yards and parcels depots. BR has given an undertaking that there will be no compulsory redundancies — relying on natural wastage and redeployment: staff on the inter-city trains will actually be increased, to improve service and to clamp down on fare evasion. The part of the deal which could have the most far reaching effect is the unions' agreement to further productivity talks about ideas such as the adoption of the continental system of a seven day week — so that Sunday working will not be voluntary: achieving this is dear to BR management's heart.

BR see productivity deals not just as a way of cutting costs, but also as a way of persuading the government that it is doing as much as it can to run its business efficiently. At the moment the government is budgeting for a cut in its grant to BR which BR says it cannot make up by productivity improvements. It has a major task in persuading the government that by international standards BR measures up quite well both in terms of efficiency and as a charge on the taxpayer.

The report also goes some way towards doing what the annual report of a large commercial undertaking should do — providing information by which its ability to give value for money can be judged. There are no less than eighteen performance indicators for railways. The last two years do show signs of a deteriorating passenger service in terms of cancellations and late trains; and BR's increased sales in 1979 were less than the costs of increased wages.

As many travellers know to their cost, BR has an enormous amont of old rolling stock, which at current rates of spending will take 100 years to replace. Although a 30 per cent increase in investment is needed this is not in the government's spending plans, hence BR's enthusiasm for bringing private capital in where it can and for arguing that big projects — such as electrification and the Channel Tunnel — should be financed separately.

TRADE UNIONS

Political and petty restrictions characterize the regime at the AUEW

The Doorman of Peckham Road

ACAS, THE GOVERNMENT sponsored body set up to promote good industrial relations, must be embarrassed by the behaviour of one of their nine council members Sir John Boyd, general secretary of the engineers' union, the AUEW. An industrial relations tribunal last Friday found that Sir John who is in charge of staff at the AUEW had unfairly dismissed two researchers and it has ordered the AUEW to pay compensation that will amount to £1,000 each. Before the hearing began, the Tribunal chairman, after reading the relevant papers said there was such an obvious case of unfair dismissal that it would be sensible for Sir John to settle immediately. Sir John refused. At the end of the case the chairman adjudged:

> There had been no acts of gross misconduct [on the employees' part] . . . that the procedure adopted for the dismissal had been quite inappropriate, there had been no method of appeal and that the dismissal had been totally against the code of conduct and quite insupportable.

Sir John regards the judgement 'completely inconsistent with the facts and quite illogical'. He will consider appealing. The two researchers who had 30 per cent of the compensation taken away for their part in the affair, are looking for reinstatement through the AUEW's final appeal court.

There is an irony: only months before the AUEW executive had been criticising British Leyland for failing to follow the correct disciplinary procedures in dismissing Derek Robinson. Equally important, the case suggested that Sir John's grasp of employment law might be shaky — he had often to be corrected on basic points by his former employees — and also provided evidence of the bizarre work environment at the AUEW HQ in Peckham Road, London.

The unfair dismissal verdicts will also intensify the political argument over internal democracy in the AUEW, to be debated at the AUEW's rules revision conference next month. The sacking of the two researchers was generally interpreted as political since the act for which they were dismissed involved helping Bob Wright, an elected Asst General Secretary, opponent of Sir John for the general secretaryship in 1975 and candidate for the Presidency against Terry Duffy, the present incumbent.

Wright and the two researchers, Alan Hughes and Trevor Eastwood, were in the pub last October discussing the executive's much criticised settlement of the national engineering claim and also the leadership's likely reaction to the Employment Bill — a pertinent question since Terry Duffy had campaigned in Wolverhampton against factory stoppages over the earlier Industrial Relations Act. Wright asked the two researchers to prepare in their own time two short pieces on the subjects discussed, using Wright's material, mainly press cuttings. The pieces were for Wright's personal use. The business was hardly conducted in conspiratioral fashion: Wright felt innocent enough to have the work typed up by one of the office secretaries used most frequently by Sir John. It was, in the words of Sir John Boyd: 'My surprise arrival in the typing

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pool (Boyd had been away ill a good deal) that 'unearthed this act of subversion.' Boyd immediately interviewed Eastwood (without any staff representative present), but in the company of two executive members Gavin Laird and Ken Cure. Boyd established the ultimate source of the documents was Bob Wright — something that Wright had never denied. After interviewing Hughes the next week, he sacked Hughes and Eastwood at a second meeting. He first offered them the chance of resignation. They refused, feeling they had done nothing wrong. They were given no leave to appeal independently to the executive.

Sir John rested his case on the assertion that the two articles were designed to publicly discredit the union and that since 'it was general policy never to ask anyone in the office to do anything in their spare time', the two pieces must have been written in office hours. Sir John made no attempt to see Eastwood, Hughes and Wright together to establish any facts. But he did write to Wright the day before the Tribunal warning him that his conduct was still under discussion in the executive and that he was to behave as an officer of the union at the Tribunal. Wright was not over-moved telling Sir John at the Tribunal: 'I am an elected asst. general secretary not an assistant to the general secretary'. The inference, however, remains that Wright might yet be sacked or dismissed.

One of the researchers' problems is that there is no agreed disciplinary procedure for members of the AUEW's research and technical staff: in 1978 they rejected Sir John's proposed disciplinary procedure. Since then they have had no reasonable method of reaching agreement since all researchers have to be members of the AUEW. They are placed in a branch with the imposing title of London central branch which is supposed to meet fortnightly and to which Sir John, their employer, is secretary. London central branch does not ever meet. The researchers thus have only the Salaried Staff Association. If they qualify, they may join an AUEW branch elsewhere but are denied access to full union rights at their place of work.

A previous researcher, John Brennan, on his arrival had tried, understandably in the circumstances, to avoid becoming a member of the AUEW instead wishing to join APEX, the largest union among AUEW employees. He was sacked for this by Sir John after five months employment in June 1978. At Friday's tribunal Sir John said research was an AUEW closed shop: 'It was a measure of my patience that Brennan has lasted that long.' (He had first failed to recollect ever sacking him, yet it had been quite a memorable event since Sir John actually had to call in the police to eject Brennan from the premises.)

Since Brennan's ejection there has been a large exodus of left wingers or what Sir John has called 'supporters of branches of the communist party'. Twelve researchers have left in the last 18 months. Two of them have had to issue writs this week to secure the return of their pension contribution which they asked for on 10 January. The AUEW have been saying they will not return it until 'it is convenient for them to do so.'

One of the reasons for the exodus is the mixture of political and petty restrictions. On the political side there is a very tight rein. One ex-researcher tells of an article on microprocessors for the union journal having to be written to erradicate all reference to Ken Gill, the communist leader of TASS and a member of the AUEW. In the research department, the head has her own phone but others have to use two phones on the wall. The switch bord listens to any calls outside London to check that it is not a personal call and cuts the call off it if it deemed inappropriate. The permission of an executive member is normally needed for every call outside London.

Sir John is little more popular with APEX members. The London area organiser of APEX, Len Gristey, has reprimanded Sir John for criticising people, in front of everbody else'. Branch minutes of APEX London SE Industrial Branch for 16 Dec 1977 record that Sir John sincerely apologised 'for swearing in the presence of staff.' This attitude would not be tolerated any longer. All members of staff have to sign in as they come in to work — typists have to use a blue biro but if they are more than five minutes late, they have to use a red biro. It is a disciplinary offence to be late three times inside three months. A bell goes at the end of the day at 5 o'clock and all members of staff have to leave immediately. (Sir John says APEX asked to keep the bell since many staff did not have watches). Only recently has the bell to begin to work been abandoned. Similarly, only recently have memebers of the research department been allowed, almost as a privilege, to stay behind after 5 o'clock to continue working. Nine months of attempting to negotiate 'flexitime' with Sir John proved useless.

One act of meanmindedness stands out. Bob Wright's secretary was forced to resign after being late on a couple of occasions, when she had to take her child to school. No allowance was made for this in her working hours by letting her work late.

Sir John Boyd began his union career as a doorkeeper deciding who could or could not come in. The old reflexes are evidently still alive and kicking.

UNITED STATES
Claudia Wright

The American public is softened up for some simple gestures on Iran

Jimmy's hour of truth, sex and violence

IRAN does for Americans what Ugly George does for New Yorkers.

The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence is a program aired on one of Manhattan's private subscription television channels. George's technique is to corner women on New York streets and negotiate with them to undress in front of his camera. Sometimes the victims do so on the spot or in alleys, on other occasions the video cuts to Ugly George's studio where both he and the lady-from-the-street take off their clothes together.

What the viewer sees is the truth part. Sex and violence have to be imagined, and presumably most viewers have an easy and enjoyable time of it, for the show has been running three evenings a week since July.

The weekly television episodes from the Tehran embassy lend themselves to similar projection and imaginings. Do the hostages look depressed? Has one disappeared, killed himself, been removed or tortured by the Iranians at another location?

When Staff Sgt. Joseph Subic Jr. was shown revealing hidden computer equipment in the embassy building, the public was treated to a searching examination of Mr. Subic's All-American boyhood, his high school passion for military uniforms, his zealous patriotism. What could have caused him to 'crack'? No, said the State Department, the confession was 'hardly credible' — and in any case, the television networks shouldn't have been so unpatriotic as to bargain over the price of the confession before showing it.

LOCAL UNIVERSITY students showed up at the last public Iranian protest (against the Sadat visit to Washington) and managed such a vigorous display of oral, finger and thumb obscenities that even the police displayed a good mood, and little could be heard from the Iranians.

After more than fifteen months of continuous news pictures, radio and videotape of dark masses of Iranians chanting incomprehensible messages in Farsi, the American public has been softened up for some simple gestures to confound all further talk. Thus, when the Iranian chargé d'affaires suggested to a State Department official, shortly before his expulsion, that the hostages might be having an enjoyable time (a highly inept provocation in the circumstances), he was told 'bullshit'.

The word flashed across the press wires to galvanize the nation's editorial writers, and the official was celebrated with biographical cameos of his long and weary hours in the Iran situation room, his sense of injustice stifled by impeccable diplomatic reserve, etc., etc.

This is what Washingtonians read in their papers as they sat in buses and cars, stalled in an unprecedented traffic jam that ensued after the President threw a police cordon round the Iranian embassy and sent the inhabitants packing.

The need to retaliate, to inflict violence, to heap indignity on the 'camel jockeys' and the 'Arsehole' (Ayatollah), as cartoonists and T-shirt artists have taken to characterising the enemy, are patently visible in the news reportage, egged on by administration briefings, White House handouts, and media polls — clever artifices which are now transforming the deep puzzlement and hesitancy of the public into clarion calls for 'decisiveness', thereby pushing the president and his political opponents closer toward a bloodletting.

BELOW the surface of xenophobia and Rough Rider sentimentalism, however, there is a tangle of shabby strategems which bear closer examination than the local press is capable of.

Iranian officials here are convinced, for example, that there is close coordination between the Shah and the Republicans to turn the issue into a winner for them both. Jack Anderson, never expecially keen on either Pahlavi or Richard Nixon, has reminded readers that the Shah poured vast sums into Nixon's 1972 campaign. More, according to Ali Agah, the expelled chargé, Nixon has been the go-between in several attempts the Shah has made to influence the Republican can-

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didates and damage the Democrats.

The Iranians, Agah claims, have been monitoring the movement of the Shah's men and noted that in the spring last year Henry Kissinger met Savak agents in Cairo who asked him to persuade Nixon to visit the Shah in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Two other men, Iranian physicians living in New Jersey, were tailed not long afterwards on a mission to see Nixon personally, to reinforce the request. When that failed, they were allegedly seen at a meeting with Ronald Reagan. Reagan, Iranian officials say, saw Nixon early in July, 1979, and within days — on July 13 — Nixon flew down to Cuernavaca to spend the day with Pahlavi.

Iranian officials believe that Nixon and the Shah agreed that the Republicans would aim at discrediting Carter for, as Nixon told the press during his visit, 'greasing the skids for your friends'. Reagan, the principal beneficiary of the Shah's plan, has blamed the Carter administration a number of times for conspiring in the overthrow of the Shah, and for trying ineffectually to arrange a modus vivendi with the Islamic revolutionaries.

He believes that internal turmoil in Iran, on top of the hostage crisis, creates both the strategic necessity and the public readiness for an American intervention to restore the Shah to power.

WHILE AT BOTTOM American policy is fixed on preserving Iran from external threats (real and imaginary) and from the divisiveness of the regional autonomy movements in Kurdistan, Arabistan, Baluchistan, and Azerbaijan, there is this fundamental difference between the Carter and the Republicans. Carter was and still is determined to reach an accommodation with the revolutionary regime in Tehran, thus consigning the Shah to political oblivion. Reagan, together with Kissinger (now scrambling to gain a place in Reagan's entourage) and David Rockefeller, on the other hand, are bent on restoring the Shah. What has intensified the well-concealed antagonism between the White House and the Republicans are the pressure tactics they and the Shah have employed twice now to force the administration to abandon its preference for Khomeni as Iran's master.

It is not a coincidence that whenever the Shah has moved for 'medical reasons' — on October 22 last year, and then again on March 23, this year — the weekly auction by the United States Treasury of its bills and notes has been battered by heavy selling that has twice produced the highest discount interest rates ever recorded. What has been going on beneath the surface is that on each occasion the Shah, one of the largest individual holders of two-year and one-year Treasury notes, has threatened to pull his investments out of the United States. In so doing, he was able to push the president into agreeing first to admitting him on humanitarian grounds and then into the freeze of Iranian assets.

On neither occasion did the president go far enough to satisfy the Shah. On 23 October, the day after the Shah arrived in New York, the interest rate for two-year notes reached a peak of 12.09 per cent. This was attributed by bond market sources to the liquidation by unidentified foreign investors of at least $950 billion in maturing Treasury securities.

Again, in February, when the Shah sought to leave Panama for the United States and negotiations with the administration were unavailing, another round of selling started, and this drove interest rates to an even higher peak, reached the very day the Shah flew to Cairo.

One result is that the president has had to accept serious damage to his budget — since January alone, interest costs have leaped another $1.6 billion for the 1980 budget and $3.8 billion for 1981 — as well as tremendous inflationary pressure throughout the money markets.

TREASURY SOURCES admit the possibility (though they will make no other comment) of the Shah's power to threaten the US treasury in this fashion. Other sources investigating the Shah's connections with Rockefeller's bank, Chase Manhattan, have cast new light on the November 14 announcement of the freeze on Iranian assets in American banks, and subsequent presidential orders opening up these assets as an $8 billion bazaar for everyone with a claim to lay against Iran.

It appears that several loans which Chase negotiated with the Shah's regime in 1977 and 1978 violated Iranian law that required approval of state borrowing by the National Consultative Assembly. Chase, at the head of several consortia of banks, ignored legal advice from Tehran that the loans — amounting to $1.3 billion — might prove to be unenforceable. It was this legal nicety which turned early last November, in the hands of Abolhassan Bani-Sadr at the finance ministry and Alireza Nobari at the Iranian Central Bank, into a powerful weapon against Chase in New York.

They argued that unless Chase cooperated fully in the Iranian government's attempt to track down and recover the Shah's wealth, much of which was suspected of being diverted from state receipts by Chase itself, Iran would disclaim liability under the Chase loan contracts.

In point of fact, on November 4 (as NS reported December 7), the Iranians were still prepared to go along with their interest obligations on the loans. But Chase decided to preempt them. By ignoring an Iranian payment order and pretending that Iran was about to default on a $500 million loan, Rockefeller and Kissinger were able to persuade the White House to implement the freeze. By this move, the bank gained a substantial pool of Iranian assets against which to assert a lien, not only for the $500 million 'default', but also for subsequent loans of equally dubious legality under Iranian law, whose defaults were triggered by Chase contracts once the first had been declared. If the White House thought — as it said at the time — that Iran was threatening to withdraw its assets from the United States (including at least $1 billion in Treasury securities), it may well have been deceived by the bank. Did Carter imagine that by rescuing Chase at this awkward moment he was protecting the treasury from depredation by Bani-Sadr, or the Shah? And did he realize that once Chase's position had been assured, the Shah's financial position was also safe?

Suspecting they have been had is naturally annoying to Carter and Vance. And there is a natural temptation to give public vent to their feelings.

The Revolutionary Council, Ayatollah Khomeni, Bani-Sadr and Mr Qotbzadeh are not however the appropriate targets. For the fact is that unless the White House agrees to backing the restoration of the Shah, its only hope of preserving Iran intact is to negotiate a settlement with the Revolutionary Government.

The intractability of this underlying problem has compounded the difficulties of dealing with the hostages, who are the only bargaining counter Iran has left in the wake of the freeze. However disinclined Bani-Sadr and Qotbzadeh might have been originally to prolong the hostage-taking, they are no less committed than the clerics to recovering the wealth and, preferably, the person of the Shah.

TRUST THE POLITICAL tacticians on both sides to come with a diversion, a brand of chauvinism calculated to appeal to the loonies on both sides — the Iraqi bogeyman. Confronted with severe deterioration of its authority in all the non-Persian ethnic areas, Tehran has come up with an elaborate anti-arabism.

Isolating the Iraqis, as well as the minor Gulf states, and distinguishing them from his preferred friends in Algeria and Libya, the president has tried to fix the blame for his troubles on the Iraqi side of the border where Dr. Brzezinski, with his well-known Sovietophobia, can identify a similar bogey.

The press of Tehran and Washington have chorused the vilification of Baghdad in unison, the former labelling it a tool of the Americans, and the latter a tool of the Soviets.

The point is too subtle for most American reporters and the majority of their readers, who, in great haste to wring the Mohammedan neck, have not generally grasped the notion that the Iranians may be Muslims but they are not Arabs — and the equally puzzling circumstance that co-religionists might have an objection to Iranian claims to their territory.

Moscow's 'non-political' support for Pinochet

Don Thomson writes: Moscow Narodny Bank of London, the Soviet state banking subsidiary, has conceded that it has had dealings with the Chilean junta. 'We don't look at this in a political way,' said one official. 'We're just like any other bank looking for business.' The bank's 'non-political' ethos (top directors are paid £120,000 a year) has recently involved it in London property speculation, legal scrapes in the tax-free zone of Singapore and a bust-up with the British bank unions.

Rumours about continued Soviet trading with Chile have been rife in international labour circles for some time. Both the Chilean and East European governments have been reluctant to publicise it but figures from Pro-Chile, the government body charged with stimulating Chilean exports, suggest that Eastern European trade is now worth 33 million dollars a year. Not included in this figure is a recent deal with the Rumanian government for exports valued at 3 million dollars. In addition the German Democratic Republic, following secret negotiations with the junta, is believed to have been granted authority to establish a trade mission in Santiago in exchange for permission to import goods. Moreover Charles Levinson, general secretary of the International Federation of Chemical, Energy and General Workers, alleges that following Allende's downfall the Soviets negotiated fresh loans to Chile.

The Soviet connection is all the more significant for revealing Chile's success in diversifying its export trade at a time when the world prices for its main export commodity, copper, are at a depressed level. Under the Allende government Soviet imports from Chile consisted almost entirely of copper, but 30 per cent of them are now non-copper goods. These range through agricultural products, fish meal and molybdenum oxide — the last commonly associated with armament production.

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"A year of harsh success"

Extracts from Sir Peter Parker's Chairman's commentary in British Rail's Annual Report and Accounts for 1979.

For British Rail, 1979 was a year of harsh success, but frustrating too.

We go on winning in the short term, but this positive record threatens our long term prospects.

We achieved an operating surplus of £70.2m and lived within our financial limits in a year characterised in the early months by industrial disruption, and ending with the economy askew again with inflation. We weathered the winter of discontent, coped with successive cuts in our support and financing limits of some £60m, absorbed a massive increase in our fuel bill and kept passenger fares steady for a full year. Amid all this, railways cost the taxpayer 17 per cent less in real terms in 1979 than five years ago.

In June 1975 we were set a financial target to peg the level of support for passenger services in subsequent years to the 1975 level in real terms.

We have done better than this in the years 1976-79 inclusive as the following table shows:

	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979
Target	–	358	404	490	544
Result	321	323	362	434	530
Improvement on target	–	35	42	56	14

Our resolute adherence to the integrity of our contractual relationship with Government has been won at a cost. Fare levels are high by European standards and the strains of short term success are showing through, starkly but not surprisingly. In three previous Reports, I have stressed that our short term successes were being bought at a calculated cost in terms of our future.

In 1979 we managed to keep our balance financially within a complex of multiple controls. But as I look to the next few years, I am quite clear that the relative successes of the late seventies cannot be repeated within the present financial limits.

There are markets to hold under competitive attack, and markets to develop if we can keep our unit costs down. Negotiations are bound to be hard, but none of us can afford that they be slow.

1980 should prove a positive year in developing our financial arrangements with government as banker for BR, as nominee shareholder for the public at large, and as customer for the contract passenger railway.

We argue that the price for the contract railway is still not right, and seems to leave out the factor of quality. We are selling to two customers, the government and the fare-payer. We can produce better value for money, provided that we can have a clearer indication of customer preferences.

THE PROSPECTS FOR RAILWAYS HAVE NEVER BEEN BRIGHTER

For the fare-payer, we can proceed in the normal business-like way of market research and talking to our customers as we deal with them. For the government, the question is inevitably one of forward planning, always a difficult process, and never decisive in its message: but we surely can expect somewhat more precision and firmness than achieved in the past.

1980 can be a year that gives our non-railway groups in the Group new scope. The inhibitions BR works under as a whole are inevitably transferred with the same inconsistencies and inadequacies to our subsidiary groups. For some time the Board has been seeking ways to enhance the prospects of these activities more profitably: with greater flexibility it should be possible to see our companies grow, creating greater job opportunities and cash flows for BR.

1980 will be the year also in which the great issues of Electrification and the Channel Tunnel could become positive – in the sense that a picture develops from the negative. BR has no right to be pessimistic in the midst of the formidable short term problems.

Ours is an industry for the long term. Our short term problems, compressed by the crisis of inflation, should not be allowed to eclipse the prospects for railways. These have never been brighter in the life time of those now working in the industry. We are an industry that is advancing, not retreating. The time for the train has come again.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1979

- *GROUP RESULT:* For the fifth year in succession, BR lived within the cash limits set by Government for running the passenger railway.
- *PASSENGER* mileage was the highest recorded since 1961, when the rail network was 30 per cent bigger. Railcards for families, students and senior citizens produced an estimated £70m.
- *FREIGHT* carryings were below forecast levels at 169m tonnes. Non-passenger rail activities showed a loss of £4m, underlining the importance of changes in the freight sector to make unit costs more competitive.
- *PARCELS* achieved a small surplus and Red Star carrying rose by 10 per cent to continue the story of growth in this premium area of the business.
- *FREIGHTLINER* recovered from losses early in the year and produced a final operating surplus of £2m, more than double that of 1978.
- *RESEARCH* work at the Railway Technical Centre in Derby has helped to cut the costs of railway electrification by £10,000 a mile.
- *BRITISH RAIL ENGINEERING LTD* ended the year with outside orders worth £50m, the bulk for export customers.
- *TRANSMARK,* the Board's consultancy, won a three year contract with the American Federal Railroad Administration and had teams working on projects in 29 countries.
- *SEALINK UK LTD* had an operating surplus of £13.7m. Two new ships were launched out of four on order for the Sealink fleet.
- *SEASPEED* British Rail Hovercraft Ltd doubled carryings of passengers and cars on its cross-Channel routes and more than halved its losses.
- *HOTELS* were hit by a fall in overseas tourist traffic, but turned the year on an improving trend.
- *PROPERTY* had an operating surplus of over £29m and contributed £41m to the Board's cash flow.
- *BRITISH TRANSPORT ADVERTISING* had another record year and contributed a net surplus of £3.4m.

"The time for the train has come again"

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Paper hats and half-price books

JUDITH TODD was imprisoned by the Smith regime. Since her release she has been living as an exile in London, but she returned to Rhodesia to witness its rebirth as Zimbabwe. Here she describes the celebrations.

THE ATMOSPHERE is heady with joy, hope and excitement. The exuberance of the black population spills over into the streets of white suburbs. In Salisbury, centre of the celebrations, the fact of Zimbabwe's birth has been highlighted by the almost unbelievable sight, after the long years of this country's quarantine, of heads of state or their representatives from 100 nations. Paper hats, posters and flags all over town flash the bold, gay colours of the Zimbabwean flag.

Robert Mugabe and his ministers are uniformly generous. Congratulations on victory, independence and achievement of office are graciously accepted and immediately shared — 'It is our victory'. The major newspapers, who share an almost equal responsibility with former governments for yesterday's portrayal of Mugabe, Nkomo and their followers as brutish thugs, gratefully propagate today's message from President Banana, Prime Minister Mugabe, and Home Minister Nkomo — reconciliation, reconstruction, forgiveness, even love.

Zimbabwe's chief newspaper, the *Herald,* marked independence with a special issue which was quickly snapped up. It carried ecstatic reports of singing and dancing throughout the country. It also carried its customary roll of honour, commemorating some of those who died this time last year. In the revelling circumstances, it made painful reading. A support commando remembered Mike 'Little Meeces' Moore. 'A year ago, Little Meece. Was it all for nothing?. . .'

The family of Corporal Van Niekerk grieved for their son Nicky 'killed in action one year ago today, 18th April 1979 . . . What it meant to lose you no one will ever know. We often wonder why . . .'

Within the white community there are, in fact, the first glimmerings of a new and shattering conception of what independence means. Had civil war been really necessary? Did yesterday's idols have feet of clay? It becomes difficult to find people who would volunteer that they voted for Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front — his party, incidentally, admits no intention of changing its name. Kingstons, Salisbury's most visible book store, has a display window labelled *The End of an Era* in which books such as the recently published memoirs of former speaker of the parliamentary assembly, R. Stumbles, and former President Dupont are on sale 'at half-price or less.'

These books seek to justify the years of UDI. But their message is undermined at every turn these days by sights such as that of a young white woman wheeling her husband into the shop. He just manages to hook the mutilated remnant of his left leg, defiantly uncovered, over his remaining right leg. So many of those who survived the war have had their lives permanently distorted.

Mugabe's insistence on reconciliation and forgiveness is, self-evidently, vital for the well being of Zimbabwe. But memories of the past cannot just be wiped out. The last bitter pill the British forced Zimbabweans to swallow was the unnecessary presence at Rufaro Stadium of Chief Justice (soon to retire) Hector Macdonald who swore in president Canaan Banana.

'. . . In terms of section 28 of the constitution of Zimbabwe. . . ' he declaimed — and, seeing him in his robes and wig and knowing his judicial record, one almost expected him to continue: 'I order that you be hanged by the neck until dead'.

Then there are all the private griefs. As a middle-aged hitch-hiker said the other day: 'How can I forgive? You know, I used to have four children.'

Her three daughters were killed in a helicopter gunship raid on their village. Her son escaped, but was killed later in a similar visitation of death from the skies.

Her bitterness was reserved almost exclusively for Bishop Muzorewa. A leading moderate black Catholic has summarised a view held by many Africans I have spoken to. 'We can forget about Smith and his men. White supremacy is finished. But there could be another Muzorewa, another collaborator against the well-being of our people. We must guard against that, and so we must see Muzorewa punished. He should be made publicly to confess his sins . . . from time to time.'

It is difficult, in the face of such chilling disillusionment among their followers, to see how the parties of Smith and Muzorewa can play any constructive role in the new parliament. But there have been so many recent miracles in this country that nothing positive can be ruled out.

THESE MIRACLES of change and hope were strikingly demonstrated on independence night by a joint choir from two of old Rhodesia's leading schools, Girls' High and Prince Edward. The choir assembled solemnly in front of Prince Charles at Rufaro Stadium and then, in the first of two verses, launched into a eulogy of 'Rhodesia'.

There were subdued groans from whites in the semi-VIP section of the stadium, whispers of 'how unfortunate', and a profound silence from the rest of the stadium.

Then came the second verse, and the white children, in excellent Shona, soared into a eulogy of 'Zimbabwe'.

The tens of thousands of their black compatriots present went wild with joyful acclaim, and quite a few of the whites seemed to be swallowing with pride, smiling and wiping their eyes.

Earlier that evening there had been a different reason for crying when clouds of tear gas — so familiar to many of those present — wafted over the stadium. In a symbol of what the new government has most to fear — and that is any inability to satisfy the aspirations of their followers — thousands of celebrants, for whom there was no room in the stadium, seemed about to break down a gate and force their way in to the good times.

They couldn't and they didn't, but before long the new government showed their sensitivity to the hopes of those they represent. Last Saturday, before the celebrations were over, it was announced that sales tax had been abolished on sugar, tea, cooking oil and margarine, basic supplements to the diet of the poor, and that tax would be increased for luxuries such as tobacco and liquor.

Also, an independence amnesty has meant that thousands of prisoners are being released from prisons and lock-ups around the country. The amnesty, most importantly, is extended to all those convicted of stock theft, something white farmers will find very difficult to accept.

It will take time for them to understand that stock theft was an integral part of the war, and that animals were taken not only to provide for the guerrillas, but for those in rural areas starving under the government authorised 'operation turkey' which ruthlessly limited supplies of food.

So far, so very good. Enormous problems remain to be tackled, particularly the integration into a peaceful society of thousands of armed men still being held at the assembly camps, and the rehabilitation of so many refugees whose homes have been destroyed and whose families have been wrecked by the war. It will take a long, long time to heal the physical, mental and spiritual wounds inflicted over the years. But the process has started. The prisons are emptying. International aid is starting to trickle in. Many whites are beginning to feel hopeful ('Hasn't Mugabe changed?') and most blacks are very, very happy.

Prison officials have already approached the new government about possible reforms. Some major employers are already working out new pay structures. Newspapers are editorialising about the new prospect of press freedom, and hundreds of exiles are returning home to contribute their skills in the service of this most beautiful country.

Guerrillas celebrating Independence Day

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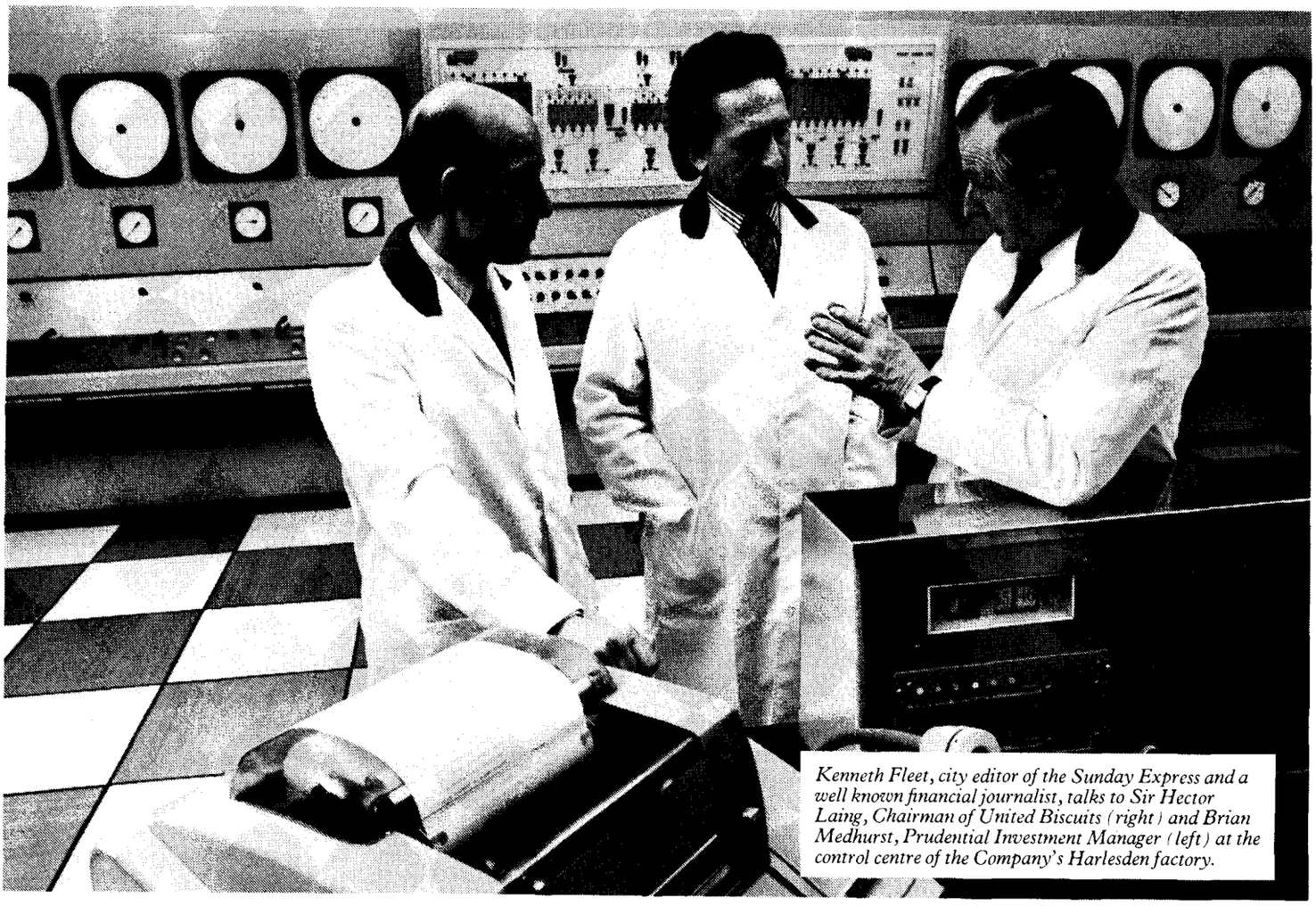

Kenneth Fleet, city editor of the Sunday Express and a well known financial journalist, talks to Sir Hector Laing, Chairman of United Biscuits (right) and Brian Medhurst, Prudential Investment Manager (left) at the control centre of the Company's Harlesden factory.

The Prudential invests £3 million a day. Kenneth Fleet reports from United Biscuits.

Fleet: The Prudential is the largest institutional investor in Britain. How many companies have you invested in?

Brian Medhurst: *(Prudential Investment Manager)* In the United Kingdom, we have investments worth more than £2 billion, spread over 600 companies.

Fleet: How do you regard your relationship with these companies?

Medhurst: One of active interest in the progress of what is normally a long term involvement.

Sir Hector Laing: *(Chairman of United Biscuits)* An approach which we welcome. We don't feel the Pru is prying into our affairs. With their expertise, investing as they do in a very wide range of companies, sometimes the questions they ask us challenge our thinking. They help us to form our ideas for the future.

Fleet: Do you at the Pru genuinely know and understand manufacturing industry?

Medhurst: If we didn't, you might well ask what we have been doing for the past 30 years: for during that period we have built up a team of investment specialists who have been closely involved in studying companies and the industries in which we invest. I believe we know a lot about industry. You might say we are in the business of identifying and backing good management.

Fleet: Does the Pru's size make you vulnerable to outside pressures?

Medhurst: Public and political opinion is focused on the way we behave. If we don't handle our responsibilities well, we are going to be criticised.

Fleet: What is your attitude, Sir Hector, to so-called 'interference' in board room matters by institutional shareholders like the Pru?

Laing: If the Pru appeared to be 'interfering' in our company, it would indicate to me that they thought our plans, or our performance, were not good enough. Long before that arose, I would welcome somebody from the Prudential coming to talk to us about their worries. I would not consider it as interference, but rather as taking a responsible interest.

Fleet: Do you feel a social responsibility when you invest, which goes beyond getting the best possible return for your policyholders and shareholders?

Medhurst: There really is no conflict here. Our responsibility is primarily to the 8 million policyholders whose savings we are managing. We are committed, in a very competitive world, to achieving the best return on these savings. But society benefits from our channelling these resources into areas likely to produce the best return.

The Prudential's annual report is now available from the Publicity Department, Prudential Assurance Company Limited, 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential

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Ignorance is no defence

As the Thatcher government's economic policy increasingly fails to live up to the promise made of it in the election, its more fervent apostles are reacting in two ways. Some — such as John Biffen at the weekend — hastily back-pedal, assuring us that 'there is no mechanisitc and demonstrable link between a movement in money supply and a subsequent change in inflation'. For those who cared to study the econometric work on the subject this comes as little surprise, but it's not what the Tories have led us to believe hitherto. The alternative response is to utter the traditional beliefs with greater vehemence as Sir Gordon Richardson, Governor of the Bank of England, did before the House of Commons Treasury and Civil Service select committee this week.

The proceedings of this committee have provided a unique opportunity for the Chancellor and his civil servant advisers to be cross-examined about the economic strategy outlined in the Budget. It has not been an edifying sight. Politicians from all parties have found it impossible to believe, for example, that there will be the £2½ billion turnround in the nationalised industries' finances which the strategy requires in the next four years. They have found it even harder to get a credible account from the government of how this will be achieved. Serious inconsistencies within the government's forecasts and large gaps in planned policy have been discovered.

One particular aspect of the proceedings attracts attention. In years past House of Commons' committees have often been characterised by intellectually smart civil servants running rings round well meaning MPs. This time it is the civil servants who are unhorsed. FRANCIS WHEEN reports.

IF SIR GEOFFREY HOWE decided to sail across the Atlantic, he would probably dive into the water off Penzance and start swimming. Before he left some people might suggest to him that he would need a boat, but to Howe such objections would be mere quibbles. All that matters to him is that he has decided to sail to the States; no need to worry about how it will be achieved, since his determination to reach the other side will itself ensure that he gets there.

This is not an exaggeration. Listen to what Howe and his Treasury officials had to say for themselves when they appeared before the House of Commons Treasury and Civil Service Committee on Monday 14 April. For example, this is the reply given by Robin Butler, a Treasury under-secretary specialising in the public services sector, when Tory MP Anthony Beaumont-Dark asked him how the government intended to achieve its object of cutting housing expenditure by 48 per cent — £2.58 billion — over the next four years:

> The government have taken the view that it is not necessary at this stage to decide all the actions which are necessary to contain housing expenditure within the total in the White Paper . . . The government thinks that these totals are achievable and plausible but that the precise means of achieving them does not need to be decided now, and to publish decisions now which imply that decisions had been taken would be misleading.

In other words the government has decided that a target of £2.58 billion — quite a hefty sum of money — is 'achievable and plausible', but it does not consider it 'necessary' to decide how on earth this can be achieved.

The most striking feature of the committee's proceedings is the deep irritation of almost all members — Conservative, Labour and Liberal — with the behaviour of Sir Geoffrey and his mandarins. When Howe arrives at the committee room he gives a small lecture, explaining in jovial fashion how glad he is to have this opportunity of discussing the issues raised by the Budget and the public spending White Paper, how he hopes that discussions of this kind will contribute to better understanding within government and in the House and in the country at large. 'I hope I do make clear,' he goes on, 'that I am anxious to be as helpful to the Committee as I can because we are most concerned as a government that our economic policies should be widely understood and that expectations should be conditioned accordingly.'

Suddenly, his tone changes. He must, he says, enter one qualification:

> There are certain things that it would not be in the public interest nor in the interest of wider issues for the government to disclose to this committee or, indeed, anywhere . . . First of all, experience surely shows the danger of placing undue reliance on specific figures of assumptions or predictions of the future course of the economy.

But it would be nice to know the predictions all the same. Sir Geoffrey, however, has other ideas:

> Of course, that cautionary reason is not a sufficient reason in itself for not publishing such figures if it could safely be assumed that the figures would be received and interpreted in the manner and in the spirit in which they are presented and, indeed, understood by the committee to which they are being presented but, unfortunately, this is not the case.

Having informed the committee that the public are too stupid to understand what the government is up to and, therefore, can not be told anything about it, Howe goes on:

> The second, equally important reason (and it is related) — I hope you will forgive me for going into these, to avoid misunderstanding between us — is that it is undeniable that provision of information in this way can, through the response it evokes and the expectations it generates, prejudice the public interest as a whole.

Which, being translated, means: 'I wish to remain silent because anything I say is bound to incriminate me.'

It was not a promising start to Howe's session with the committee. Edward du Cann MP, the committee chairman, who is not known for his left-wing tendencies, felt moved to reply that he was 'somewhat surprised' by Howe's attitude. As du Cann explained, 'it is only possible for this committee to assess the operation of economic policy if it has the information; it is only possible for this committee to report to the House of Commons its considered view if it has the information; it is only possible for the House of Commons to come to a judgement and thereby to inform the people of this country, through open debate, if this committee has had the information it needs originally.'

SIR GEOFFREY and his civil servants are so lacking in confidence in the few figures they do produce that they try to dissociate themselves from them when questioned. See, for example, what happens when Frank Cassell, a Treasury under-secretary concerned with medium term analysis, is challenged by

Who interrogated Howe and Co: from left to right (Top) Kenneth Baker, Anthony Beaumont-Dark, Jeremy Bray, Timothy Eggar, Michael English; (Bottom) Terence Higgins, Robert Sheldon, Richard Shepherd, Richard Wainwright, Ken Woolmer. For once the intellectual tables were turned; instead of smooth, self-confident civil servants and floundering MP's, the members were confident and well-briefed, and the Treasury mandarins gave the appearance of people who already felt their ship sinking beneath their feet. (Chairman was Edward du Cann.)

UPP

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Robert Sheldon MP on the government's forecast for unemployment. Sheldon says that none of the committee's many and learned advisers has come up with an unemployment figure smaller than 2.2 million for 1982-83; he suggests that this is rather greater than the government's forecast, but Cassell's reply is blunt:

> I have not given a forecast of unemployment.

After a few moments of puzzlement, Sheldon returns to the question, pointing out that in the White Paper covering the proposals for estimated social security a figure of 1.8 million unemployed is assumed: how would Mr Cassell like to compare that with the minimum of 2.2 million claimed by the committee's advisers? Cassell remains unbowed:

> The 1.8 million figure is the number that was assumed for working out the social security expenditure in the White Paper. It is not a forecast, it is a working assumption . . . We do, as we discussed last time, also make projections of unemployment in the course of our projections of the economy . . .

If an assumption is not the same as a forecast or projection there would be no point in setting a figure at all. For example, Mr Cassell goes so far as to hint that the 'rise in unemployment . . . might be slightly above the figures in the White Paper.' If this were to be so then, of course, the cost of the social security budget would be higher than 'assumed' and the medium term strategy thrown askew.

But that is precisely the government's point. It produces a few figures, effectively admits that they are thoroughly unrealistic and then uses this argument for failing to produce any more figures, for fear that the public will have unrealistic expectations.

Take the exchange between Ken Woolmer, Labour MP for Batley and Morley, and the Treasury's Mr Cassell on the subject of the government's forecasts for North Sea revenue in the medium term. Mr Cassell informs the committee that the estimates for this revenue, at 1978-79 prices, suggest that it will be about £4¾ billion in 1983-84. At present prices this would mean a revenue of slightly over £6 billion. Mr Woolmer points out that experts have estimated the revenue for 1983-84 at anything from £10 billion to £12 billion. 'It is widely felt, is it not, that the figures that you produced in these tables greatly understated the amount of revenues to be expected?' Mr Cassell, vague as ever and faintly hurt, replies:

> Greatly understated? I really do not know. There are a lot of hazards in projections of this kind. As I say, I think we have, where we have erred, erred probably on the side of caution.
> *Mr Woolmer:* So that your erring on the side of caution can give a difference between £6 billion and £12 billion. That could knock 5 per cent of VAT and still have a lot of money left. Is that not a tremendous degree of difference for you to accept in medium term planning?
> *Mr Cassell:* Yes, but you seem to be implying that, as it were, the other people are providing a very good and reliable central estimate. I simply do not know.

Mr Woolmer then turns to the assumptions on oil prices. Could Mr Cassell remind the committee of OPEC's publicly-stated position? Is it not that the price of oil should increase by 2½ per cent per annum in real terms over the next four or five years?

> *Mr Cassell:* I do not know. This is a dangerous area that we are entering here.

It is then the turn of Robert Sheldon MP to ask a few questions. What percentage of total oil production will come to the government through Petroleum Revenue Tax, royalties and corporation tax?

> *Mr Cassell:* I am afraid I have not got that information.

Tim Eggar, a young merchant-banking Tory MP, tries his hand. Since the North Sea produces gas as well as oil, could Mr Cassell tell the committee if he has made any assumption at all about the amounts that the British Gas Corporation will be paying in tax of one kind or another to the government?

> *Mr Cassell:* Implicit within these figures would be projections of matters of that sort. I am afraid I do not know what they are.

DID THE committee learn anything about the sort of economy envisaged by Sir Geoffrey Howe? Despite the 'don't knows', the evasions, the 'matters beyond government control' and the 'details not in the public interest', there were some admissions — although they often seemed unintentional. Michael English MP forced the Treasury officials to concede that the government expects its policies to have a disastrous effect on the private manufacturing sector — quite an important confession, since a year ago the Tories were arguing that by cutting public expenditure (and lowering income tax) they intended to revitalise private enterprise, which would miraculously 'take up the slack' left by the public sector. There is, of course, precious little evidence for this proposition: it certainly isn't borne out by the effects of the IMF cuts in 1976. Nevertheless, the government has continued to claim that it works. Until now, that is.

> *Mr English:* We seem to be projecting a reduction in total government expenditure. They are already projecting a reduction in manufacturers' output. What bit of the private service sector do you think will take up those reductions?
> *Mr Cassell:* Well, the private service sector part of the economy is now a fairly big one. I do not want to venture which particular part of it will absorb the labour that is released here, but there has been considerable growth in that area of the economy . . .
> *Mr English:* But the growth in the service sector — a large part of it — has been in things like entertainments, television, gaming, all sorts of things which do not actually yield wealth, rather they transfer it or make life more pleasant. You are actually predicting a future rise in things of that character, a reduction in manufacturing output and a reduction in the services provided by the government.

Mr Cassell rather touchingly points out that bank borrowing is also part of the private service sector; but Michael English is not assuaged that easily:

> *Mr English:* If there is not to be vast unemployment, the private service sector must take up the bulk of the slack?
> *Mr Cassell:* Yes. I would accept that, yes.
> *Mr English:* That is what we are planning for — an economy with an increased private service sector at the expense of industry and the government.
> *Mr Cassell:* When you say 'planning for an economy' I do not know quite how to interpret that.

The Treasury may not know how to interpret it, but everyone else does: what it means, bluntly, is that the Tories' trumpetings about regenerating British industry were all so much hogwash. Michael English returns to the point later, when questioning the Chancellor himself:

> *Mr English:* What sort of economy are you trying to create? It would not be fair to call it a 'candy floss' economy because candy floss is manufactured, but you could call it an economy in which people sold imported candy floss. Is that what you are trying to do?

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Where the axe will fall

	Medium term spending plans 1979/80	£m at 1979 survey prices change by 1983/84
Defence	7723	+1017
Overseas	1226	−146
EEC contributions	919	+631
Agriculture, food	944	−54
Industry & employment	2969	−1209
Lending to nationalised industries	1900	−2450
Roads and transport	3073	−383
Housing	5372	−2582
Other environment	3273	−393
Law and order	2446	+254
Education	9654	−984
Health	9067	+433
Social Security	18,890	+710
Others	4261	−129
Total	**71,716**	**−5316**

Sir Geoffrey, not surprisingly, says that this is a 'grotesque' description of the world he is trying to create. But is it? Most experts (outside the Treasury) think that there will be a drop of 10 per cent in manufacturing output over the next three years. Even the Treasury admits that the drop for this year alone will be 4½ per cent. The 17½ per cent fall in government capital investment in 1980-81 is hardly likely to help the private manufacturing sector. As Kenneth Baker, a Tory MP, points out: 'It has led Greenwells [the stockbrokers], who in these matters are not on the left of the economic spectrum, to say that the savings in public expenditure . . . have been basically at the expense of the corporate sector.' Although Sir Geoffrey expresses concern for the state of industry, he does not sound particularly convincing. More revealing is the comment made by Mr Cassell of the Treasury:

> At the moment the focus of attention is not on unemployment as such or on output as such because these things are, to a very large extent, beyond the control of governments.

The government will note that the London Business School — one of the committee's advisers is predicting a £13 billion deficit for the industrial and commercial sector this year but it intends to do nothing. Instead, Sir Geoffrey says, that 'in so far as it is seeking to create the conditions in which inflation comes under control, in so far as it is seeking to create conditions in which interest rates are more under control, we are seeking to create conditions which are more compatible with the right kind of environment for the corporate sector.'

Sir Geoffrey says he is 'anxious to emphasise' the importance of the level of pay settlements, since 'those who promote or are obliged to accept pay settlements that are excessive are themselves contributing to difficulties already large enough'. Yet if the government itself will not stick to its rules on pay rises can it seriously expect the private sector to do so? The government has set a cash limit of 14 per cent for this year's civil service pay increase and ministers have often said, with great relish, that beyond that 'there will be no more cash'. But what is the truth behind this 'tough talk'? Kenneth Baker MP questioned the Treasury's Mr Butler:

> *Mr Baker:* But in terms of controlling public expenditure does that mean the increase will be substantially more than 14 per cent?
> *Mr Butler:* Between the two years, yes.
> *Mr Baker:* Is that not what is relevant?
> *Mr Butler:* Yes, it is.

It is instructive to look in some detail at this 'cash limit', as it illustrates what handstands and cartwheels the government is prepared to perform in order to convince itself of the truth of something which is patently false. First, the straightforward facts, as given by Mr Butler of the Treasury to Michael English:

> *Mr English:* Did you say the total pay increase this year is of the order of about 25 per cent?
> *Mr Butler:* Increase in the central government pay bill in cash for 1979-80 is about 25 per cent.

Not much room for doubt there, you might think. Yet when the committee members quote this to Sir Geoffrey later in the session he replies that 'if that is what you think Mr Butler said, you greatly deceive yourself.' Who is deceiving whom? Sir Geoffrey agrees that the government pay bill for 1980-81 will be up by 25 per cent from the 1979-80 figure, but claims that this is compatible with a 14 per cent limit since much of the 25 per cent comes from 'staging', Clegg settlements and so on. However, the idea that 'staging' of awards is consistent with the cash limits policy is pretty flimsy. Under the staging system, that part of a pay rise above the cash limit is not introduced until the following year. But for the purpose of the following year's cash limits this extra counts as part of the previous year's settlement so it is in neither years' cash limits.

Thus, for example, the Civil Service Department has just announced pay rises of between 18 and 19 per cent for principals and senior executive officers. As Kenneth Baker MP says: 'You can have a cash limit of 14 per cent but still get 19 per cent if you are a principal', because part of the rise will be 'staged'. Sir Geoffrey goes out of his way to dispel this impression ('I would think that our determination to settle this year's increase within cash limits is something to be commended') but his officials are rather more open about it. Here is Terence Higgins MP questioning Patricia Brown, a Treasury under-secretary:

> *Mr Higgins:* This means that the joke is going to be repeated this year, with this year's staging paid next year?
> *Ms Brown:* Indeed.

CENTRAL to the government's economic strategy is its attitude to public spending. There is, of course, a wide range of expenditure reductions planned. But, as our table shows, the overwhelming burden is being placed on just three elements — nationalised industries, industry support and housing. Indeed the reductions in these three combined (cuts of £2.45 billion, £1.2 billion and £2.58 billion respectively) are greater than the total planned reductions in public spending — largely thanks to the £1 billion rise in defence.

The turnround in the nationalised industries' finances has taken up quite a large part of the committee's time: it is a most important issue. There is no slackening in the industries' capital investment programmes overall in the next few years. In 1983/84 capital investment is expected to amount to over £4,600 million, compared with under £4,000 in 1979/80. If the government cuts its lending, this can only be paid for through higher prices, higher sales or, effectively, cuts in the labour force. As Robert Sheldon, quoting from a paper prepared by Terry Ward, one of the committee's advisers put it:

> 'Thus from a position where internally generated funds finance less than half of their capital requirements, it is planned to move to a position where they more than cover requirements, at the same time as investment is forecast to rise by 15 per cent.' Do you agree that that is the size of the problem?

Sir Geoffrey Howe gave some breakdown of how this £2½ billion turnround was to be achieved: a quarter is to come from increasing the price of gas and electricity by more than the rate of inflation; 40 per cent is expected from reduced losses at steel, shipbuilding and coal and a reduced grant to British Rail and the remainder will come from various items including increased profits at BNOC.

Howe suggested that this was not much of a turnround, as in the three years to 1977/78 a £3 billion turnround had been achieved. But, as several committee members pointed out, that was achieved by dropping consumer subsidies (an option not present at the moment) and cutting investment (current plans are for a £650 million *increase*).

Both Howe and the civil servants have so far refused to give a breakdown of the turnround industry by industry because, as Mr Butler of the Treasury said:

> Uncertainty about the total is underlined in almost every line of the section of the Public Spending White Paper on nationalised industries. If the total for all the industries is uncertain, the total for the individual industries within that is *a fortiori* the more uncertain.

What this approach might mean in practice became clear from other answers:

> The situation will change and decisions can then be taken to cope with the situation industry by industry . . .

And again, in answer to the persistent questioning from Mr Beaumont Dark:

> If all else failed, which was your premise, then clearly all the elements of the plans would have to be considered, and this is part of the reason why the government has not published a total breakdown

What the policy on nationalised industries amounts to — as Michael English spotted — is a commitment to reduce their overall borrowing: the actual industrial requirements and the demand of the market will be subsumed beneath this more important aim. This is, of course, a policy started by the previous administration: last July the *New Statesman* wrote: 'The major purpose of the profitable industries is to finance the government.' But now the Tories are taking a more aggressive interventionist approach towards the state industries than any government for some time.

But, ironically, the policy may not work. Increasing prices when the economy is only growing at 1 per cent may not produce the cashflow required, so massive price increases (with their drastic effect on the Retail Price Index) would be required. As Dr Jeremy Bray put it:

> Is not a further difference also the fact that there has emerged a very clear price capacity for demand for electricity and demand has fallen a great deal as a result of price increase? One would hazard a guess that the same is going to happen with current gas prices.

The effect of such a pattern of demand would be to force fuel costs even higher so that, as Dr Bray suggested:

> The direct effect (of public spending cuts) is going to be on prices rather than on anything else, is it not?

To which, in the end, the hapless Mr Butler could only say:

> I do not think that I could give any precise assessment of how the cuts are going to be divided between the corporate and the consumer sector.

Is there *anything* which these people know?

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AFRICA
David Ward

Will Mugabe's triumph push Malawi into a closer embrace with Botha?

Exiles prepare for battle of Hastings

IN the wake of ZANU-PF's landslide election victory considerable attention is being paid to the effect an independant Zimbabwe will exert on South Africa. Mugabe's success, however, will not merely have repercussions south of the Limpopo. In the north, the 'lost' front-line state of Malawi is facing the consequences of Dr Hastings Kamuzu Banda's maverick stance in favour of Southern Africa's white minorities. The election of Mugabe seems certain either to further isolate Banda's regime, or to force Malawi into line with the consensus of African opinion.

Malawi is the greatest success so far in South Africa's 'Constellation of States' foreign policy. Pretoria has achieved a strong foothold in a country whose strategic significance is frequently ignored. Ten years ago the *Daily Telegraph* appreciated that Banda's pro-South Africa stand placed 'major obstacles in the path of Pan-African forces bent on the destruction of white rule in South Africa. In the growing racial confrontation Malawi could not be more strategically placed. Its northern tip points towards the Tanzania-Zambia railway now being built by the Chinese, while its Southern border is within a hundred miles of Cabora Bassa dam.'

Today Malawi is heavily dependent on South Africa. Over 38 per cent of her imports are supplied by the apartheid regime and migrant labour is once again flowing to South Africa's mines. Banda has established full diplomatic and trade links with the Republic, and has continually opposed the Organisation of African Unity's boycott resolutions. In addition, there are strong indications that Malawi has been heavily involved in the dirty tricks aspect of Southern Africa's politics. Stories abound of BOSS/DONS activities in Malawi, most of which are unconfirmed. Yet the Malawi Minister of Information between 1969 and 1973 was a South African called Van der Spuy. Recently that same official wrote 'Amnesty For Terrorists', Pretoria's contemptible 'answer' to Amnesty International's report, 'Political Imprisonment in South Africa'. In 1977 it was widely rumoured that Banda arranged a meeting between South Africa's foreign minister Pik Botha and the eventual leaders of the internal settlement, Muzorewa and Sithole; and as far back as 1970, a South African minister described Malawi as 'our most forward departure point in the North' against guerrilla activity. Further stories have linked Banda's name to the activities of the anti-Frelimo groups who have sporadically operated in Mozambique with the support of the Rhodesian armed forces. The dissidents are said to be backed by Jorge Jardim, the right-wing Portuguese businessman and close confident of Banda, who used to act as Malawi's honorary consul in pre-independence Mozambique.

From Banda's point of view Mugabe's takeover in Zimbabwe was the worst possible result. Throughout the war he has maintained an anti-guerrilla stance and immediately prior to the elections broadcast a warning to be 'on guard against infiltration of Patriotic Front forces'. Banda's support has been concentrated on Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole. The President's 20,000 strong para-military force, the Young Pioneers, trained large numbers of Sithole's private army and during the Reverend's boycott of the Smith/Muzorewa government Banda closed down Malawi's Salisbury diplomatic mission. Unlike the majority of Zimbabwe's leaders, Mugabe has never had personal dealings with Banda. Given ZANU-PF's close ties with Frelimo it is highly unlikely that the new government of Zimbabwe will seek anything more than formal relations with Malawi.

A number of mutual concerns, however, will require consideration. First, Zimbabwe has a large number of migrant workers from Malawi. The actual figure is hard to estimate but is conservatively thought to exceed 100,000 and could be double that figure. When Mozambique closed her border in 1976 many Malawians found they could not return home and as contracts expired the official figures became increasingly misleading. It is not clear whether this Malawian community wants to return home, or what the new government will want to do with them. Predominantly they work in the agricultural sector on white-owned farms. Interestingly, in the recent election campaign Sithole urged the Malawians to vote for him; in vain as it transpired. The second major concern is trade. South Africa's enormous share of Malawi's imports has grown in proportion to the decline in Rhodesia's share of the Malawian market. In 1964 Rhodesia supplied 39

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W. H. Smith & Son (Holdings) Limited. Results 1979/80.

	1979/80 £ Million	1978/79 £ Million
Sales	570.9	474.1
Trading profit	20.7	19.6
Interest (payable)/receivable	(2.1)	0.9
Associated companies – (losses)	—	(0.3)
Profit before tax	18.6	20.2
Taxation	4.9	2.4
Profit after taxation	13.7	17.8
Extraordinary item – (loss)	—	(0.5)
Net profit	13.7	17.3

	Per 50p share	
Earnings	16.2p	21.1p
Dividends	4.2p	3.133p

* Retail turnover increased by 21.0% and trading profit rose by £2,425,000 to £18,281,000.
* Do-it-yourself turnover from the date of acquisition, 9 March 1979, was £14,835,000 with trading profit of £1,089,000.
* Wholesale News and Magazines turnover increased by 14.3% and trading profit fell from £4,390,000 to £3,899,000.
* Wholesale Books turnover in the USA and UK increased by 10.8% but trading losses increased from £992,000 to £3,016,000.

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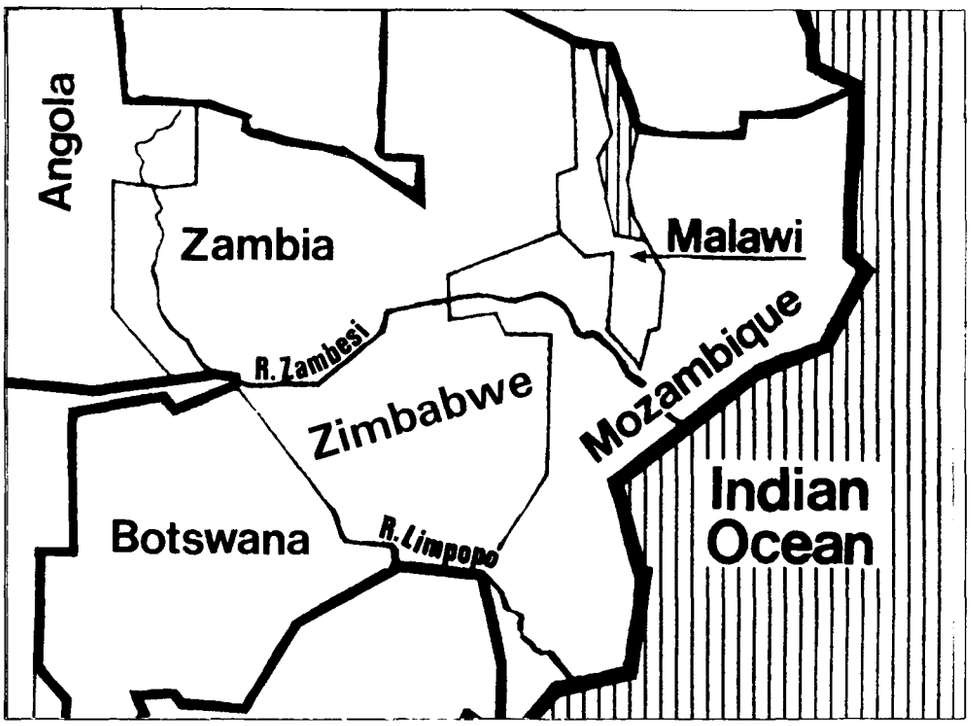

per cent of Malawi's imports and doubtless an independent Zimbabwe would be keen to regain such a position. It remains to be seen how far these economic considerations will be influenced by the political hostility that Mugabe naturally feels towards Banda.

INTERNALLY, Banda is still running a thinly disguised dictatorship. His personal powers are extraordinary and dominate the political, judicial and economic life of Malawi. Banda is the major shareholder in a company called Press Holdings which, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, has been estimated to account for almost 30 per cent of Malawi's total economic activity. His rule has repressed political opposition and forced a considerable number of Malawians into exile. In 1977 as a result of growing international concern Banda released about 2,000 political prisoners and staged a treason trial which removed two particularly notorious Malawi Congress Party officials. The following year a general election was held for the first time in 17 years. All the prospective candidates were personally vetted by Banda but only 47 of the 87 seats were contested. During the period of the election the President lifted his ban on foreign journalists and attempted to present a new liberalised Malawi. The ban was swiftly reimposed when some critical reports were published.

Hopes that there has been a genuine political relaxation have receded. In February last year, agents of Banda sent letter-bombs to two members of the Socialist League Of Malawi (LESOMA), an exiled political party. One bomb, sent to Zambia, was defused but the second, sent to the Mozambican capital Maputo, seriously injured the National Chairman of LESOMA, Dr Attati Mpakati. Dr Mpakati, who was a guest at last September's Labour Party Conference, lost both his hands in the blast. Speaking in Parliament, Banda boasted that 'the most cunning and troublesome leader of the dissidents is in hospital recovering from the wounds by a letter-bomb'. Banda credited his 'boys' with the attack; remarkably these events escaped the attention of the Western press. It is difficult to assess the strength of the exiled political opposition. LESOMA is said to have about 15,000 supporters and has the tacit approval of both Tanzania and Mozambique. Perhaps most significant is that Mr Mpakati is well known to the leadership of ZANU-PF as a result of their common exile in Maputo. In 1977 it was rumoured that Cuba was about to train LESOMA recruits although party officials deny it, claiming that the story is a fabrication. In March, however, LESOMA held a congress at which it announced the launch of a military wing known as The People's Liberation Army of Malawi, with the intention of toppling Banda's regime.

EASTERN EUROPE
Reuben Ainsztein

Number of exit visas drops as official anti-semitism grows

Soviet Jews prepare for the worst

THE EMIGRATION of Soviet Jews began in 1968, the year when Brezhnev and his Politburo for the first time in the history of the Soviet Union officially made anti-semitism, thinly disguised as 'anti-Zionism', part and parcel of Soviet Communist dogma. The Kremlin did not follow the Polish example of mass expulsions, since it found the presence of over two million Jews useful, but 3,600 Soviet Jews were allowed to rejoin their families in Israel in 1968-70.

A year later, in 1971, 12,877 Jews were allowed to leave, and the figure rose to 32,356 in 1973. But in 1974 it dropped to 24,185 and declined to 16,736 in 1977. In 1978, no doubt as part of the preparations for the Salt 2 agreement, the figure unexpectedly rose to 28,864 and last year it reached the highest ever figure of 51,317. Of the 600,000 Soviet Jews who received the essential invitations from Israel in the years 1968-1979, 239,239 were allowed to leave.

Since the middle of last year, however, there have been growing signs that a decision has been taken on the highest level to cut down Jewish emigration to less than 3,000 a month until the Olympic Games, and to even less after they have been held.

The trouble, as so often in the history of East European Jewry, started in the Ukraine. According to reliable informants, 70 per cent of the 700,000 Ukrainian Jews want to leave because of rampant anti-semitism, especially in smaller towns, but many are too frightened to apply for permits. Nevertheless, almost half of the Jews who left the Soviet Union in the first eight months of 1979 were from the Ukraine. About 1,000 left Kiev monthly and about 900 left Odessa, the two cities with the largest Jewish populations. Almost 67 per cent of the Jewish emigrants chose the United States, Canada and Australia in preference to Israel and as this fact became known it encouraged many Ukrainians, in particular in what used to be Polish Eastern Galicia, to demand the right to join their relatives in Canada and the United States. At a meeting last summer between Ukrainian party leaders and Vladimir Vasilyevich Shcherbitsky, First Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party and one of the 14 men making up the all-powerful Politburo, the party bosses complained that they were having increasing difficulties explaining to Ukrainians wanting to join their relations in the West why they were not allowed to do so, whereas Jews were. Shcherbitsky assured them that the Politburo was aware of the problem and would take the necessary measures to solve it after the Olympic Games.

However, interim measures were introduced without delay. Ukrainian Jews submitting their first applications for emigration permits in the second half of 1979 were told that a new kinship rule had been introduced and that only those who had invitations from parents, sons or daughters, brothers or sisters in Israel could apply. The result of the 'first degree kinship rule' was that in the last months of 1979 the number of Jews leaving Kiev dropped from 1,000 to 200 a month and in Odessa it fell from 900 to 80. The total number of Jewish emigrants from the Ukraine has been reduced from an average 2,000 a month in 1979 to 600 in the first two months of this year.

The new rule was immediately extended to Belorussia and reached Moscow in August last year. By January this year it was extended to Tashkent, where there are some 60,000 Jews, many of them wartime refugees from Poland and the Baltic republics, who were also informed that 'first degree kinship' would not help if any members of the applicant's family chose to stay in the Soviet Union. Finally, on 25 February the OVIR (Department of Visas and Registrations) office in Leningrad made it known that all applicants, whether in the pipeline or new ones, must provide proof that the invitations from Israel come from first degree relatives and — a completely new departure — *state the country they will be going to.*

THE REASONING behind the new twist in the Kremlin's policy towards Jewish emigration was recently revealed by General Konstantin Zotov, head of the All-Soviet OVIR in Moscow. Replying to a delegation of refuseniks who demanded the right to leave

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the Soviet Union for Israel, Zotov said that the Soviet Government was observing the United Nations Charter and the Helsinki agreements by allowing the reunification of Jewish families in Israel. However, he argued, the Jews had abused the good will of the Soviet Government, for most of them for a number of years had been settling in the United States and not Israel. If Jews were allowed to emigrate to the United States, Canada or Australia, then the same privilege could be claimed by Ukrainians, Lithuanians and others who had relatives in America and Australia.

In fact, of the 215,000 Jews who emigrated from the Soviet Union during the period 1971-1979, 145,000 settled in Israel, 60,000 in the United States and 10,000 elsewhere in the West. In 1973 only 4 per cent of the Jewish emigrants did not go to Israel, but since then the percentage has been rising annually, reaching 67 per cent last year. There can be no doubt that the KGB has been partly responsible for this development by giving exit permits to Jews who are known not to be Zionists and most likely to choose the United States, Canada or Australia once they reach Vienna. Nevertheless, the 'drop-out phenomenon' among Soviet Jewish emigrants is much too high to be explained as due mostly to the machinations of the KGB. A study completed in October 1979 at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem* for the Israeli Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency for Israel, found 'a relatively larger proportion of the following among dropouts: males, persons of working age, intact families, mixed marriages, highly educated persons, members of the academic and scientific professions and emigrants hailing from the central regions of the Soviet Union . . . dropouts are characterised by a greater degree of "personal resources" — i.e., younger age, better education, intact families — and a relatively higher degree of modernity than *olim* (emigrants to Israel). This enables dropouts to cope better with the highly competitive free enterprise system prevalent in highly developed Western countries.'

Furthermore, the report concluded that 'The nationalist-Zionist aspect — the conception of Israel as a focal point for Jews the world over — is only of marginal importance among dropouts . . . Both dropouts and olim indicated that their motivations for emigrating from the Soviet Union were chiefly concerned with their Jewishness; in this context, both groups emphasised the effects of Soviet anti-semitism and discrimination. However, dropouts tended to stress these factors to a greater extent than olim, indicating that both factors provided the principal motivation for their emigration. Moreover, while dropouts declared that anti-semitism had made it difficult for them to achieve their economic and professional aspirations, olim tended to add that Soviet anti-semitism had made it impossible for them to give their children a Jewish education or to preserve Jewish culture. Dropouts were more eager than olim to sever the connection between their Jewish background and their individual fates — a connection which had unavoidably haunted their lives in the Soviet Union.' Finally, the report concluded that 'there are signs that the Jewish social environment in the Soviet Union tends to support dropping out more than *aliyah* (return to Israel).'

THE CUTS in the Jewish emigration quota have occurred at a time when most Soviet Jews, alarmed by the international situation and shocked by Dr Sakharov's deportation, fear the worst might happen after the Olympic Games. An unrelenting anti-semitic campaign pursued daily by the media and at local party meetings, which presents World Jewry as the chief enemy of Russia, has miraculously not yet resulted in Tsarist-type pogroms, but has already made the life of Jewish schoolchildren in parts of the Ukraine and elsewhere not much better than it was in German schools after Hitler's rise to power. Even Jews who have never had any sympathy for Zionism and themselves still hold good positions, want to leave the Soviet Union for the sake of their children. The diplomatic service, the party and state bureaucracy and the armed forces were closed to Jews in the years 1945-1949 on Stalin's personal orders. The free professions and, in particular, science remained open, so that as late as 1967-8 there were 111,900 Jews in Soviet universities. But the official anti-semitic campaign parading as 'anti-Zionism' began in 1967 and by 1975-6 the number of Jewish students was reduced to 66,900. In 1977 Moscow University, the largest in the Soviet Union, did not admit a single Jewish student, although some 500,000 Jews live in Moscow. In Tsarist Russia universities provided only 3 per cent of university places for Jews on the basis that the 5 million-strong Jewish minority constituted 3 per cent of the total population of the Russian Empire. As the population of the Soviet Union today is more than 262 millions and the number of Jews must have dropped below two millions, it appears likely that the Soviet Government is aiming to restore the Tsarist *numerus clausus* for Jews, which might be around 40,000 places. The fact that Jewish scientists and scholars have contributed to Soviet achievements in every field out of proportion to their numbers appears to concern the nationalists in charge of Soviet policies as little as discrimination of Jews moved the Tsars.

As Soviet Jews watch Brezhnev on television, they cannot help wondering what will happen to them when he dies. Brezhnev himself has a reputation among Jews of not being an anti-semite, although there is little in his career to support this view. In any case, whatever his views, the nationalists in the Central Committee and their representatives in the Politburo are getting stronger all the time. Thus at the end of 1978 the Soviet Ministry of the Interior published Dr Yevgeny Yevseyev's *The Place of Zionism in the Anti-Communist System* after it had been passed by the Scientific Council of the Institute of Philosophy of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. (Yevseyev is a Senior Scientific Fellow of the Institute and the author of numerous articles and books on 'Zionism', as well as co-author of the notorious *The Ideology and Practice of International Zionism.*) The book did not go on sale but was sent to picked party leaders and propagandists in Moscow and the Moscow region.

According to Yevseyev, Zionism is 'one of the varieties of fascism but much more dangerous than the German, Italian, Spanish and other varieties'. The net spread by Zionists is so wide that even Cardinal Koenig of Vienna is one of them. The Communist parties of Austria, Britain, Argentina, Belgium, Holland, Italy, the USA, France and Chile have been infiltrated by Zionists, and so have the Communist parties of Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria, which unlike the Poles have left their Jews alone. In Tsarist Russia the government did the right thing to keep the Jews in the Pale of Settlement, but unfortunately 'the Christian Russian bourgeoisie' proved impotent in their struggle against the Jewish menace and the Tsarist system was subverted by 'the Jewish cosmopolitan bourgeoisie.' After the October Revolution the Russian Communist leaders — Lenin, above all — failed to realise that the chief threat came from 'Zionists' and instead waged war against anti-semitism. Even Stalin failed to see the menace, for he provided a subsidy for the Yiddish Habima company in Moscow!

Turning to the present, Yevseyev attacked Sergei Narovchatov, the latest editor of *Novy Mir,* the last refuge of the traditions of the Russian intelligentsia, for being a 'pro-Zionist'. He also described as crypto-Zionists the Jewish Academician Boris Mitin, a dyed-in-the-wool Stalinist, the Jewish Academician Yosif Braginskiy, an equally veteran Stalinist, and even Aaron Vergelis, the editor of *Sovietish Heymland,* who is generally believed to be a KGB colonel. This was a bit too much for Yevseyev's colleagues and on 11 March 1979 he had to defend his book at a session of the Institute. Academician Bonifantiy Kedrov, one of the leading and most respected Russian philosophers, described Yevseyev's book quite simply as an anti-semitic concoction. But Dr. B. Ukraintsev, Director of the Institute of Philosophy, who had been instrumental in getting Yevesyev's book published, defended both the author and the book. In the end Yevseyev and E. D. Modzhinskaya, who had edited the concoction, each received a reprimand, but their book has not been banned.

While the Yevseyev book has not reached the general reader, Valentin Pikul's *The Last Frontier* was serialised in *Nash Sovremennik* last June and proved so popular that there was a black market in copies of the periodical. The book is about Rasputin and is full of obscenities and pornographic details about its hero's sexual prowess. Naturally, it also has a moral and political message. This is that Rasputin had been in the pay of the Jewish millionaires Baron Ginzburg, Rubinstein, Poliakov and Brodskiy, 'all three Zionists', and had been used by them to bring the last Tsar into such disrepute that the Tsarist system collapsed.

The fact the Pikul's book took up the claim of the White counter-revolutionaries that the October Revolution and the collapse of Tsardom were not the work of the Russian proletariat, but the result of a Jewish conspiracy, could not have escaped the attention of the editor and the censors. Its publication therefore provides another proof of the growing power of the nationalist-fascist right even in the Soviet press. In July last year *Literaturnaya Rossiya,* the newspaper of the Writers' Union of the Russian Federation, finally got round to condemning the book on political, ideological and literary grounds. The article objected to Pikul's claim that Tsardom collapsed mostly because of the decadence of the court and not because it was overthrown by the actions of the Russian proletariat, but took no objection to Pikul's depiction of Rasputin as a puppet of the 'Zionists'.

Such is the atmosphere in which Soviet Jews have to live. No wonder that recent visitors to Moscow report that even among the Zionist refuseniks there are forebodings of disaster.

**The 'Drop-out' Phenomenon among Soviet Jews: Main Findings and Recommendations.* Prepared by Elazar Leshem, Yehudit Rosenbaum and Orit Kahanov.

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London Diary

☐The real debate of the decade is just about to commence. The protagonists are Britain's two most powerful Marxist historians and polemicists: Edward Thompson and Perry Anderson. Thompson's blast was a collection of essays entitled *The Poverty of Theory*. It has acquired a certain vogue last year among the left intelligentsia in Britain. Its sharp and, in my opinion, somewhat unbalanced attacks on the French structuralists, the present editors of *New Left Review* and much of the Marxist heritage besides was greatly lauded by the literary weeklies. Anderson's counterblast, *Arguments Within English Marxism,* is due to hit London's bookshops within the next fortnight. The entire book is devoted to a critical assessment of Thompson's work and, as a result, a note informs us that 'the name of E.P. Thompson has been omitted from the index.' The Thompson-Anderson duel stretches back almost two decades and has produced what is possibly the most thought-provoking discussion on English history. In his new book Anderson reviews this debate and elaborates his differences with Thompson on history, politics and ethical values. Where Thompson used the shotgun, Anderson employs the rapier. With delicacy, panache and a meticulous attention to detail he explores and pays lavish tribute to Thompson's strengths, before uncovering and piercing his weaknesses. The result is remarkable: one hopes it will stimulate a productive dialogue. A lot, of course, will depend on Thompson's response. Will he retire to his tent? Will he respond like a wounded lion and maul everything in sight? Or will he rise to the occasion and 'leave old quarrels behind....to explore new problems together'?

☐The first days of spring had their desired effect. I donned my bright green running shoes, cycled to Hampstead Heath and joined the jogging fraternity after a year's absence. Jogging up an incline I encounter an old familiar jogger, who was running down. He smiles and yells: 'Easier running down than up eh?' I smile vacantly and continue to pant up the slope. Several minutes later as I run down the hill I observe a middle-aged couple running up. Feeling sociable, I smile and shout: 'Easier running down than up, eh?'. A snarled expression appears on the man's face as he barks: 'Fuck off!'. Thus ended my effort to break the loneliness of the short-distance jogger. And if I ever sight those running dogs of imperialism again... On a more serious note, however, I am determened to investigate the poor working conditions of the gardeners who slave away in Camden's parks ignored both by their union (NUPE) and the management (Labour Council). Watch this space.

☐While Carter has chosen to focus the interest of the world on Iran a much more tangible threat to US interests is developing in Central America. The Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua helped to spark off a crisis in neighbouring El Salvador. A test of strength between the military and the guerrillas appears likely within the next weeks. A delegation from the other Central American republic, Guatemala, was in London last week. It was here to meet Labour and trade-union leaders in order to acquaint them with the current situation. Guillermo Colon Argueta is a central leader of the social-democratic FUR. His brother Manuel was gunned down by government employed desperadoes in March last year. Colon says that 'The US has never ceased its military intervention in Guatemala. The only difference lately has been that the arms are supplied through Israel.' All the non-armed struggle groups have united as have the guerrillas and if Colon is correct then we can expect massive confrontations in Guatemala. Would the United States send in the marines? 'Only if they want another Vietnam', says Colon. Given the new mood in the United States a direct military intervention can not be excluded. Colon was here to ensure that Callaghan and Healey would oppose such a course. Something tells me that he didn't make much headway.

☐Why is it that whenever I am flying out of Heathrow the immigration officer checking my passport always asks, albeit with the utmost politeness, after my destination. Never at Gatwick, let alone Dover, but always at Heathrow. Last weekend I flew out to speak at a couple of meetings in Norway and the question was not posed. Pleasantly surprised, I made my way to the bar in the transit lounge to celebrate. Just as I was about to sip my beer a light hand tapped me on the shoulder. It was the immigration officer who had followed me through to pop the question. I would be interested in hearing from others on the blacklist who are the subjects of a similar enquiry. Trivial it may be, but I hope I'm not alone.

☐Norway has a population of 4m., of which there are only 6,000 non-white immigrant workers. Discrimination is widespread and especially in terms of promotion or 'upward mobility'. An immigrant worker at one of my meetings described the blacks as the 'dish-washing proletariat'. The Norwegian state is, however, not taking any chances. Its project is fairly simple: to buy off the most capable immigrant leaders. It does this by a system of generous financial grants which are lavishly distributed by the Norwegian Ministry of Local Government and Labour. There are 'Lump sum grants' and 'Grants for operational expenses'. The first is available for almost anything. Immigrant organisations can apply for a grant to celebrate national or religious holidays, cultural arrangements, educational activities, starting immigrant newspapers/periodicals and 'to obtain and furnish premises'. The second is meant to cover 'operational expenses such as rent, stationery' or for employing paid personnel. The net result of this has been an efflorescence of what can loosely be described as newspapers and the emergence of many cultural, educational organisations. This form of institutionalised bribery has a clear function, namely, to emasculate any attempt to politically organise the immigrant communities. The scale of these projects must make the Home Office green with envy, for the cuts have meant a real setback in this field in Britain. Observers of the race relations industry report a growing militancy on the part of former 'moderates' who have been made redundant in recent months.

☐I am delighted to hear that a group of Chinese socialists in Western Europe have decided to set up a 'Committee for Democratic Rights in China' and organise a defence campaign for imprisoned dissidents. A letter from the Committee states that the Western press and civil rights organisations have ignored the plight of Chinese dessidents for two reasons. First because China is part of the Grand Alliance against Moscow and secondly because an overwhelming majority of those in prison have not abandoned socialism. Both points seem to be fairly pertinent. However, the Committee need not despair too much. At the first real signs of a Sino-Soviet *rapprochement* the condition of Chinese dissidents will become a live issue in the West. For those who cannot wait that long the Committee can be contacted c/o P.O. Box 50, London N.1.

☐Sartre always loathed British academic institutions. Reading what has been written or spoken about him by the philistines in the media one can understand his long-standing aversion to English bourgeois culture. Either the scribes ignore the fact that he was a Marxist or they write that he was a Stalinist fellow-traveller for the bulk of his life. Existentialism is also dredged up, implying that the clock stood still since the Thirties. Nowhere in Britain was there a balanced overview of his philosophical or political evolution over the years. No mention of how together with Bertrand Russell he organised the War Crimes Tribunal on Vietnam. But perhaps the most odious obituary was penned by Maurice Cranston in last week's *Sunday Times*. Cranston made a speciality of vicious and unbalanced attacks on Sartre in the pages of *Encounter*. He wrote that Sartre's 'main service' to the party was to clobber anyone who criticised communism . . .' This is simply unmitigated rubbish. Sartre *was* a fellow-traveller for a few years when the Cold War and McCarthyism was at its height. Subsequently he criticised the PCF on Hungary, Algeria, Vietnam, May 1968, Czechoslovakia, etc. Nauseated by Stalinism he moved in his last years towards a libertarian brand of Western Maoism. It was a *cul de sac,* and in his dotage he effectively abandoned Marxism. A real appreciation still needs to be written. *(David Caute will begin the process in next week's NS —Ed.)*

Tariq Ali

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐Sir Ronald Bell (C., Beaconsfield) said that the biggest problem facing the BBC was its recruitment of mainly left-wing staff, a problem it did not know how to solve. Those on the Right, or centre, or the non-political, went into useful and productive activities after university. — *Guardian* (Michael Roberts)

☐Golfers have refused permission for naturists to use their private beach at Hayling Island, Hants. Their management committee has ruled that golf and nudism are incompatible. — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

☐A football manager last night put forward his theory for dealing with soccer hooligans — hit them in the teeth. Police should meet violence with violence, said George Kerr, manager of third division leaders Grimsby Town. — *Sunday Telegraph* (D. A. Rogers)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In praise

From Peter Kingshill

I was glad to see Paul Foot's note 'Africa brings peace to Birmingham' (NS 11 April). I had the honour to act for Didymus Mutasa in the last stages of his litigation against the Attorney General in an attempt to bring home to the British Government its legal as well as its moral responsibility for some of the great suffering caused by UDI. In this legal battle Mutasa was valiantly supported — financially and in every other way — by that veteran fighter for good causes, the Reverend Michael Scott. I am sure he will be persona most grata with the new government of Zimbabwe and I hope and trust that he is the second person invited by Mr Mutasa to attend the independence celebrations.

4 Raymond Buildings, London WC1

D-noticed

From Ron Knowles

In his article on the discredited D Notice Committee (NS 4 April), an excellent exposition of complicity by press panjandrums with the suffocating secrecy habits of Whitehall, Duncan Campbell omits to mention that books, too, have been the target of the committee's attentions.

It was reported in the *Journalist* in June 1976 that the then secretary of the committee, Rear Admiral Kenneth Farnhill, attempted to interfere with the publication of *The Political Police in Britain*, written by journalist Tony Bunyan, prior to its publication by Julian Friedmann. Farnhill had, apparently, seen an advertisement for the book as a forthcoming attraction from the Friedmann publishing house, and wrote to suggest that the manuscript should be submitted to him to enable him to give an opinion since it 'might wander unwittingly into areas of sensitivity from a security point of view'. Admirably both author and publisher declined the Rear Admiral's invitation. The incident points up, however, how zealously the D Notice secretariat pursues its vigil over publications.

Incidentally, Duncan Campbell is wrong in stating that 'few media employees have any idea of what D Notices say'. The *Journalist*, circulated to the vast majority of journalists in Britain and Ireland, published the full list in June 1976. As Mr Campbell observed, the list has not changed since 1971. He is charitably correct in remarking that the press members of the committee are 'some distance from frontline newsgathering'. It is doubtful if any have picked up a notebook in anger for some years, and only one, Bernard Vickers, is currently a member of the National Union of Journalists, which, needless to say, is not represented on the committee.

The Journalist, Acorn House, 314/320 Gray.s Inn Road, London WC1

OT authors

From S. J. Goldsmith

Christopher Hitchens is right in pleading the case of the Armenians (NS 11 April). I have done it myself on many occasions. But his aside, 'it's a pity the Armenians are not mentioned in the Old Testament, otherwise they could claim a national homeland', is both silly and in bad taste. (It is surprising how silly some clever writers can be.) The Jews are not just 'mentioned in the Old Testament'; they happen to have written it! Furthermore, they happen to have had a mighty Empire in Palestine long before the Ancient Britons had started their short and brutish lives. Finally, they have converted a desert into a paradise by their sweat and toil, and have defended it against vandals by their blood. The Arabs could have had their share of Palestine for the asking. But they have rejected the decision of two-thirds of the United Nations and chosen war. They have lost the war. They are still entitled to a homeland, provided they don't try to push other people into the sea. This would have been wrong even if they could do it; it is stupid when they cannot do it. If Christopher Hitchens needs a biblical quote for his support of the Armenians, I will give him one free of copyright charges (the Bible is more than fifty years old): Micah 4,5.

28 Lawn Road, London NW3

In a name?

From Ralph Simmons

Your correspondent, Adam Stout, complains about some of the names of the new counties (NS 11 April). Some names are inevitably compromises, such as Hereford and Worcester (where presumably the inhabitants could not agree upon a single name; but that did not prevent Rutland from disappearing). South Yorkshire should have become Hallamshire. But the name that really means nothing at all is Central Region, which has taken over Stirlingshire, Clackmannanshire and part of Perthshire. I have occasion to address letters to that Region and I sometimes wonder whether the Post Office knows where it is, so undescriptive is the name.

Mr Stout's campaign might also take up the task of persuading the Post Office to co-ordinate postal addresses with administrative counties and regions. For the GPO, Stockport is still in Cheshire, and they never did catch up with the fact that for about three-quarters of a century Lincolnshire was divided into three separate counties — Lindsey, Kesteven and Holland.

24 Sunningdale Gardens, London NW9

Death of a princess

From David Fanning

As the Executive Producer of *Death of a Princess* and as the person with shared responsibility with Antony Thomas for the filmscript, I feel I should reply to Penelope Mortimer (NS 18 April). I agree entirely with Ms Mortimer that the reaction to the film has been wildly exaggerated, but I must clarify her statement that with the exception of the British carpenter, the German nanny and the Palestinian family, 'every interview and every character in the film is fabricated'.

For a writer of Ms Mortimer's reputation and skill, this is a careless and misleading phrase. It implies that *Death of a Princess* is a work of fiction. In fact, the dialogue is a careful assembly of research and transcriptions of actual interviews. I have read those transcripts and assisted in corroborating the controversial facts in the film. It is, however, the identity of the characters who speak these words that has been 'fabricated', in a conscious effort to disguise their source. The hysteria of the official Saudi reaction to the film only confirms that this was a wise and legitimate decision.

I have since spoken to Ms Mortimer (who left the project after several draft scripts mainly because Antony Thomas and I wanted to return to the original transcripts) about her use of 'fabrication' and she confirmed that she was referring to the change of identity, not the source material.

I appreciate Ms Mortimer's attempt to draw out a finer definition of 'documentary drama', but she does Antony Thomas a disservice. It is precisely the ambivalence of the form that has allowed him to make 'the most honest film' — by which he means one that explores both subjective and objective truths. And in the end, he has constructed a sensitive and thoughtful exploration of the Arab dilemma while taking every precaution to protect his sources.

124 Front Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945

Which Cyprus?

From Christopher Hitchens

I am struck by two features of the letter from Mustafa Adiloglu (NS 18 April). The first is the Turkification of the name Cyprus, now rendered as 'Kibris' even in English communiques from the Denktash regime. What would Mustafa say if the Greeks called the island 'Kypros' as a matter of course? Second, I see that 'North Kibris' is now 'fully Islamic'. When were the Turkish Cypriots consulted about this by the occupying Turkish army? Even Khomeini held an election. Will we see the dismantling of all those statues of the secular hero Kemal Ataturk, erected in every Turkish Cypriot village but now apparently redundant? The Turks' sudden conversion to Islamic diplomacy certainly doesn't fool the Arabs — it doesn't fool Turkish or Greek Cypriots either.

New Statesman

Briefly

From R. A. Walton

I was surprised that the caption to Ralph Steadman's cartoon (NS 4 April) read 'The Parallel Bars' while the leotarded Thatcher figure projected from a set of asymmetric bars.

Dept of Physical Education, Worcester College of Higher Education, Henwick Grove, Worcester

From Henry Hardy (Editor, Past Masters)

Rebecca O'Rourke (NS 18 April) is worried about the 'inherent sexism' of the titles of the *Modern Masters* and *Past Masters* series. I cannot speak for Frank Kermode and Fontana, but we at the Oxford University Press intend our title in a sex-neutral sense and will happily include any female subjects who make the grade.

OUP, Walton Street, Oxford

From Barbara Brown

Stuart Hood (NS 18 April) states that a lampoon does not aim at fairness; but may not a lecturer in communications aim at accuracy? His quotation from 'The Mask of Anarchy' bears little resemblance to what Shelley actually wrote: 'I met Murder on the way — /He had a mask like Castlereagh.'

28 The Rise, London N13

From Salim Gul

I have read with interest Tariq Ali's article 'High time for Zia to depart' (NS 11 April). The article is full of conjectures. Contrary to his assertion, Lt. Gen. Ghulam Hassan Khan, Federal Minister, has not resigned. He continues to hold Ministerial portfolio of Industries and Production in the Federal Cabinet.

Embassy of Pakistan, 35 Lowndes Square, London SW1

From Avril Pyman

Thank you for publishing my letter but alas, owing to my failure to use a typewriter, for those checking against the original it will only make confusion worse confused. The Russian should read, 'Ne znayu. Vozmozhno on uvleksya-by stroitel 'stvom.'

Department of Russian, University of Durham.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Wild strawberries

As staunch (and what a fine, rich word that is, either as a verb and stopping a nose-bleed or as an adjective and, as here, indicating loyal support) readers of this column will be well aware, Americans can, in my eyes, do no wrong and I've decided to overlook the fact that they introduced chewing-gum to a world that was managing perfectly well without it. Nor am I even going to mention or think of that verb 'to dunk' which begins with a splash and ends in soggy *bouchées* of doughnut and messy spills on café table-tops. But who cares about slopped coffee when the dunkers' hearts are so emphatically in the right place? America, I say once again, is the only country in the world ever to have lavished practical help and generosity on others less fortunate than themselves and we in England, who are not exactly noted for our open-handedness (wasn't it Queen Victoria who sent a crisp fiver to help them out during the Irish Potato Famine?) would do well to remember it, for we do extemely little to cheer them in return. Indeed, our only two local possessions that give endless pleasure across the Atlantic, and cost us nothing, are our cockneys and our persons of title. On that magical first night in New York and in the Covent Garden scene when, if memory serves, Eliza's first recognisable word was 'garn', the success of ***My Fair Lady*** **in America was in no doubt.** Cockney lingo means considerably less to English people but then, unlike the letter 'h', it has always been with us.

But it is not here of cockneys that I shall be writing but of those other fellows, one of whom, who is an Earl, has kindly sent me a fascinating American questionnaire and accompanying letter that he has received from an organisation panting to know, and what could be more natural, this or that fact about the nobs. The letter, bearing an address on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, kicks off strongly with 'Dear Member of the British Aristocracy', announces that it is conducting an 'opinion survey' and requests, of course, a degree of coöperation from the letter's recipients. But, you ask, are the Dear Members thus addressed and who can reply at no cost to themselves (business answer envelope enclosed) going to get anything of value from this epistolary encounter? What a foolish question! Of course they are, and it is the joy of helping a 'family television' quiz programme popular in the States under the name CARD SHARKS and, they tell us, now to be seen (and really, the excitement of it all!) in this country under both another name and the genial hostmanship of our own Bruce Forsyth, whose name they then manage to spell incorrectly. Evidently the aristocratic replies to the questions put are to be summarised and then used in the semi-jocular type of query much favoured in such merry quiz affairs ('How many husbands try to kiss the au pair girl while the wife's out at bingo?').

As one of the questions goes 'Was one of your ancestors ever beheaded?', one begins to wonder how widely the writers of the Dear Member letters have cast their net and where, in the view of Sunset Boulevard (famous for being rusty in such matters), our aristocracy begins and ends. Do, one asks oneself with a puzzled frown, life peers qualify? Have they too received questionnaires and, if so, have any of the excellent Lord George-Brown's family ever been beheaded, either on purpose or by mistake (kindly give dates, I suppose)? Did, say, Lord Weidenfeld's great-grandfather go to some far-off European block for some, doubtless, noble purpose? And what of Lord Beeching, himself so skilful at lopping bits off others? One needs, though not perhaps very violently, to know where one is before tackling the whole fascinating question of beheading.

I myself incline to think that, although life peers are all (or nearly all) very well in their way, it is the real old truly blue-blooded stuff that chiefly cheers Sunset Boulevard, for question 2 asks 'Can you trace your geneology (*sic*) back more than 500 years?' This number of years whizzes us right back, as we know, to the murder of Edward V and a whole succession of violent deeds (Inquisition established in Spain, my Pears adds), with heads falling on all sides and when it was by no means easy for any family of note to have, so to speak, any genealogy at all. And Henry VIII and Elizabeth were still to come, both of them no slouches with the axe.

The American mind of course assumes that there is a close and constant relationship between our aristocracy and the Crown, with a ceaseless flow to and fro of cheery invitations to this and that. Indeed, the very first question of all and taking precedence over beheading is the one that requires Dear Member to reveal whether he has 'ever had supper at Buckingham Palace'. 'Supper' is, as we know, a very imprecise word and the time at which it takes place depends on the day of the week. 'Come to Sunday supper' would indicate to many people that the repast was to be the same as week-day dinner only cold. Supper on, say, a Tuesday would, on the other hand, mean a latish and post-theatre affair at about 11 p.m. Doubtless this kind of supper sometimes exists at Buckingham Palace, possibly with the servants kindly packed off to bed and the family managing as best they can on their own, with Prince Philip in charge of the scrambled eggs ('Bung over that whisk thing') and HM herself deftly handling the frying-pan ('Who's for another banger?'), a charmingly informal domestic occasion but hardly one to which they would wish to invite eight dukes, five earls and a sprinkling of barons. So here the answers are likely to be, unproductively, Never, No and Not Yet.

Determined to discover at all costs with what nutritious intake the aristocracy has been provided by Buckingham Palace, a further question in this searching enquiry is 'Has Queen Elizabeth ever invited you to tea?' Of course, those of us (and our name is legion) who dream of the royal family at least once a week, have all been to tea several times — a laden table, I may say, with our hostess at the tea-pot (a huge brown earthenware one and Her Majesty never stinting the tea-bags) and cucumber sandwiches, ginger snaps and chocolate sponges galore. Paper napkins in a floral design, and those dainty and two-pronged cake forks that happen in tea-shops and promote delicate munching, little finger crooked. Then 'Anyone care to wash their hands?' followed by a game of charades or whist, and carriages ('Oh dear, must you go?') at 6 p.m. But in point of fact and in reality, I doubt whether Buckingham Palace has either time or inclination to throw any indoor tea-parties (those garden ones are, surely, quite enough to cope with), and so here again the disappointing answers must be in the negative. Sunset Boulevard seems never to have heard of either lunch or dinner parties, but there, that is their loss and not ours.

One of the questions, for we haven't yet finished with food, is a real puzzle. 'Have you,'' it says, 'ever eaten a bagel?' Misreading it first as 'beagle' and, as a dog-lover, registering an outraged NO, I then realised both my mistake and my ignorance and hastened to my dictionaries, as must have done many members of the aristocracy who have not by now, *noblesse oblige* and all that, torn the questionnaire up, to discover what on earth a bagel may be. And what did I find, both in my Chambers and two-volumed Webster? Nothing! Neither of them have ever, noses in the air, heard of a bagel. Sometimes I seem to see it as a kind of rissole, egged, breadcrumbled and gently fried, nestling in a mound of sauté potatoes and appearing on a Tuesday as a sort of final gasp of Sunday's hot leg. Sometimes it seems to be more like a cream-filled éclair or, possibly, a jumbo-size piece of Turkish Delight. But why should it matter whether a duke has or has not eaten one? Can it be that a bagel has perhaps some religious significance and this is an attempt to pry into Dear Members' beliefs? In this case 'Boo!' might be a suitable answer.

In lighter vein (I suppose) come jocularities such as 'Is one of your ancestors still haunting a castle?' and 'Would you trade your title for an oil field in Saudia (*sic* again) Arabia?' I would think that to Question 16, 'Do you ever wish you'd been born a century earlier?' our Dear Members would all reply with a resounding YES for it would mean that they would have avoided having to do the polite thing with this string of really fairly futile questions.

Roger Woddis

Phobia

'As well celebrate a backward leap into the heart of darkness.' — Peregrine Worsthorne in the Sunday Telegraph, *on the birth of Zimbabwe.*

Mistah Smith — he gone,
The man we banked upon,
And ninety years of glory end in gloom.
Now phantoms with a leap
Shall come to haunt our sleep,
Or so we can with certainty assume.

Gone with the wind of change
An order rich and strange;
The drums of necromancy fill the night.
Now chicken-entrails lie
Before the rolling eye,
And magic makes our wavy hair turn white.

If we now appear
Incontinent with fear,
And certain States induce the state we're in,
What kills the human spark
Is terror of the dark
That lies beneath the peregrinic skin.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Charles Glass

American Samizdat

The Political Economy of Human Rights: Vol I, The Washington Connection and Third World Fascism; Vol II, After the Cataclysm: Postwar Indochina by NOAM CHOMSKY & EDWARD S. HERMAN *Spokesman* £12.50 & £3.50 each

Noam Chomsky and Edward Herman's conception of American foreign policy and the role of the free press in explaining that policy contrasts sharply with the prevailing theory of American foreign relations. According to the higher moral purpose theory, the transcendent goal of American actions in the world may change from one generation to the next, from the conquest of the Philippines to the destruction of Indochina, but it is always noble, always altruistic. The authors write:

> This study, consisting of two related volumes, deals with relations between the United States and the Third World. It has a dual focus: on facts and on beliefs. The basic *fact* is that the United States has organized under its sponsorship and protection a neo-colonial system of client states ruled mainly by terror and serving the interests of a small local and foreign business and military elite. The fundamental *belief*, or ideological pretence, is that the United States is dedicated to furthering the cause of democracy and human rights throughout the world, though it may occasionally err in the pursuit of this objective.

Arthur Schlesinger articulated the liberal ideal in the *Wall Street Journal* shortly after Jimmy Carter assumed office in 1977: 'In effect, human rights is replacing self-determination as the guiding value in American foreign policy.' (When self-determination was still the 'guiding value', the US overthrew Diem, invaded the Dominican Republic, carpet-bombed Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, installed the colonels in Athens and Brasilia, murdered Allende and attempted to assassinate Castro. One waits for the final tally of the human rights years.)

The higher moral purpose theory holds that Indonesia (both in its repression of its own citizens and in its brutal conquest of neighbouring East Timor), the Philippines, the 19 military coups in Latin America since 1960, Iran under the Shah, Nicaragua under Samoza, *et al,* are exceptions to the rule in American foreign policy. To Chomsky and Herman, they are the rule. They contend that US support for a Suharto, a Marcos or a Pahlavi is perfectly consistent with American objectives. On their theory, US support for tyranny is no longer 'ironic', it is a necessary corollary to the maintenance of American power in the third world.

No major US newspaper has reviewed this book, although one went so far as to commission a review which it did not publish. An American publishing house went into liquidation rather than honour its commitment to publish the book in its original monograph form. (See the preface for details of how Warner Communications prevented distribution of the monograph over the objections of their own publisher and editor.) Instead it was left to a tiny radical publisher, South End Press, Boston (and Spokesman in Britain) to bring the book out in its present form where it may take its place among American *samizdat* literature. The mass audience interested in foreign policy is at the mercy of Kissinger, Nixon, Schlesinger, Bundy and Sorensen, as well as the editors of the *New York Times* and *Time*. This is a pity, because this may be the most important contribution to the study of American foreign policy to be published since the Vietnam War ended. And few Americans will ever have access to it, any more than they can read about the four-and-a-half-year Indonesian occupation of East Timor in which as many as 100,000 lives have been taken with American arms.

The authors' critics, if they were to mention the book in public at all, would respond by saying that US policy has at least promoted economic growth in America's area of influence (the Free World). One example often cited of a successful US-inspired 'economic miracle' is Brazil. Although its democratic government was overthrown by an American-sponsored military junta in 1964, real growth climbed from negative one per cent before the coup to a staggering 11 per cent by 1971. Other things grew as well — foreign ownership of Brazilian resources, for example. By 1973, of the 27 companies in Brazil with sales of over $100 million, 14 were foreign-owned, eight were owned by the military state and five by Brazilians with foreign (US) partners. In the north of the country, infant mortality actually *increased* and life expectancy did not go beyond 30 years. As for its national debt, Brazil is at the moment in a three-way contest with Turkey and Egypt (Zaire and Ghana are not far behind) to be the first bankrupt nation-state. Brazil's post-coup human rights record, documented by both Amnesty International and the Carter administration's own human rights reports to Congress, is appalling.

Successive American administrations have made no complaints about human rights violations in Brazil, any more than they have in Indonesia. Why not? In these countries, expressions of American outrage (though puzzling perhaps to many of the torturers trained in the US) might actually help to relieve suffering. Amnesty International noted in its report on the trial of the torturers after the restoration of democracy in Greece, 'In the case of Greece, the Junta's friends and allies abroad who might have influenced it to stop torture, on the whole chose not to do so.' The US in particular 'not only failed to exert significant pressure on the Junta to respect basic human rights and to stop the torture; they instead offered tacit, and sometimes explicit, approval of the Junta, its actions and its policies.' No American officials condemned torture in Greece.

According to Chomsky and Herman, America's client regimes identify with their foreign benefactors rather than with their compatriots; in conflicts of interest between the foreign power and those they govern, they side with the foreign power. These denationalised élites, cut off from any mass support within their own countries, resort to the use of terror against anyone who seeks national independence or an equal distribution of wealth. Terror employed by these regimes is usually ignored in the American press (and often in the British press as well, though British press coverage of Latin American repression is considerably better than anything in the US national media, i.e., the *New York Times, Washington Post, Time* and the three networks). This is what the authors call 'constructive' terror, contrasted to the highly-publicised 'nefarious' terror practised by America's enemies, particularly by the two southeast Asian states which have opted out of the Free World (Vietnam and Cambodia).

Volume II attempts to show how imperial ideology is being reconstituted in the wake of America's defeat in Indochina. As Chomsky told an audience in Leiden during his 1977 Huizinga lecture: 'A major task of the state and its propagandists has been and remains to reconstruct the domestic and international order that was bruised, though never undermined, by the bloody events in Indochina.'

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Reconstruction of the ideology has involved two different propaganda tasks: (1) the portrayal of the Asian communist regimes as wholly and mindlessly evil (thus justifying retrospectively America's efforts to annihilate them); and (2) rewriting the history of the Vietnam war. In portraying the Vietnamese and Cambodian (Pol Pot) regimes, the US has tolerated neither a single word of sympathy for the plight they faced after years of American destruction nor any presentation of their programmes in a favourable light. Although the authors concentrate their attention on the rewriting of history by the press, the lies about American involvement in Vietnam involve films (like *The Deer Hunter*), popular fiction and history text books as well. No one who remembers the Vietnam war or who has read *The Pentagon Papers* can believe what American school children are being taught today about the war.

Frances FitzGerald, in an informative series in the *New Yorker* last year on American history texts in general, wrote:

> A number of popular texts use a variant of this theory which puts the blame for the war's duration on the North Vietnamese. Books such as Wiltz and Todd, Curti, for example, chronicle the war as a series of peace overtures by the United States government. Presidents Johnson and Nixon and Secretary of State Kissinger, they say, kept trying to make peace, but the North Vietnamese — for reasons unexplained — refused to stop fighting. Just what anyone's war aims were and why the United States did not simply withdraw its troops from this bellicose little country are questions never confronted . . .

According to Current, DeConde and Dante, 'the United States . . . spent most of a decade working to resolve conflicts in Asia'. Many of the history texts refer to the Vietcong as 'the military arm of the National Liberation Front', most gloss over the My Lai massacre and one even places My Lai in *North* Vietnam. The liquidation of the NLF, the mass murders of Operation Phoenix and Operation Speedy Express and US intentions in Vietnam play no part in the orthodox reconstruction of events. (Not surprisingly, American school children are taught neither about US economic interests in Philippine plantations at the time of the US conquest nor about the Allied expedition in which the US participated to crush the Bolsheviks after the first world war.)

The impact of American policy and the press's coverage of third world conflicts are thoroughly documented by the authors (there are 155 pages of footnotes), but the role of American business in the financial empire outside Latin America is neglected in finer points of detail. Also, the relations between America's business, government and media élites are not investigated.

America is currently supplying F-5s, reconnaissance aircraft and helicopters for use against Polisario in western Sahara. The official US position is that it is supplying King Hassan to enable him to negotiate with the independence fighters from a position of strength. The credibility of the official position can be gauged from what former American UN Ambassador Andrew Young said to the *New York Times* in Algiers after his meeting with Polisario's secretary general in February. 'I tried to give the official State Department line but I'm afraid I didn't do a very good job, because I didn't believe it myself.'

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Decaphiliacs

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The fact that we have ten fingers may be a sufficient reason for having a decimal system of mathematics, but not for universal decaphilia. Yet everyone in the media seems to be obsessed by decades and centuries, and no one seems to mind that they wouldn't mean anything even if they were counted properly. The Christian era was wrongly calculated in the first place (during its fifth century), and anyway a decade obviously ends at the end of its tenth year, so even if the 1970s had any significance they would include 1980.

But such considerations have no effect on the workings of journalism, so we already have two books on the 1970s, even though this must be one of the most non-existent decades on record. Every now and then a century or decade may more or less coincide with a genuine historical period—the hundred years from Napoleon to the First World War, say, or the ten years from the Depression to the second world war—but this isn't true of the past ten years. Perhaps there were real shifts in perspective in, say, 1956 and 1963 and 1973, but not in 1970, and who knows about 1980 yet? So the parallel books by Norman Shrapnel and Christopher Booker start with the heavy disadvantage of having no real subject, only the imaginary headline of their identical title.

Shrapnel is a good old-fashioned journalist who will be remembered for his well-written *Guardian* articles on parliamentary politics rather than for his book on the subject, *The Performers*. He does his best to provide a common-sense account of what his subtitle calls 'Britain's inward march', and there is nothing wrong with the result except that it tells us nothing more than that we have become more introspective than we were ten years ago, which isn't even news. What might have been acceptable as a dozen articles in, say, the *Guardian* simply isn't acceptable as a dozen articles in a book. It is a pleasant enough read, but it quite lacks the bite of, say, Malcolm Muggeridge's old book *The Thirties*.

Booker refers to Muggeridge as the 'father of all "decadologists",' but only exposes his own failure to maintain the succession. His subtitle claims his book to be a 'portrait of a decade', but it isn't even that. It is in fact a collection of articles (mainly) from the *Daily Telegraph* and *Spectator* published (mainly) during the 1970s and introduced by a couple of articles from the *Observer*—journalism bound up in hard covers and not even rewritten as a book. Eleven years ago Booker wrote *The Neophiliacs*, 'A study of the revolution in English life in the Fifties and Sixties', which was at least a book, even if it was a pretty silly one. *The Seventies* is really little more than a series of long footnotes on its predecessor, justified by the meaningless thesis that the 1970s was 'the most important decade of the twentieth century'. The result is so much worse than Shrapnel's book or any other comparable work that it needs more detailed treatment.

Booker is one of the journalists of the New Right with radical pasts or pretensions, whose technique is to write at the top of their voice and whose tendency is to collapse into self-parody—conscious with Bernard Levin and Auberon Waugh, unconscious with Paul Johnson and Christopher Booker. Booker began as the first editor of *Private Eye*, and like Muggeridge is spending the rest of his life accusing and excusing himself for his original sin. His particular trouble is that he is media-mad in the strict sense. He not only works but thinks as a journalist, describing the world not just in but through the medium of broadcasting and the press. Like most of his articles, those in *The Seventies* are not about events but about reports of events in other articles or on television, not what actually happens but how it is reflected. The result is a series of reflections of reflections, an infinite regress of images in media-mirrors.

Thus he discusses the contemporary loss of confidence in Western civilisation through Kenneth Clark's television series *Civilisation* or through Alexander Solzhenitsyn's denunciation of the West, Maoist China through a book on it and West German terrorism through some *Encounter* articles on it, the Vietnam War and the Watergate crisis through their television coverage, trade unions through a television profile of Jack Jones and the press through a television profile of *The Times*, African tyrannies and oil crises through their effects on European imagination, the Labour Party through Harold Wilson and high finance through Jim Slater, humanism through an American book attacking it, and science through radio and television programmes. At worst he concentrates on people who are as media-mad as himself, such as David Frost and Tom Wolfe, unwisely commenting on the former that he has 'passed permanently through into the looking-glass world' of television and asking about the latter, 'What on earth is the man talking about?' At best he quarrels with other journalists on his own patch, such as Paul Johnson and Arthur Koestler, unwittingly showing only that they are much better at the game than he is.

He is also myth-mad, having been converted to psychoanalysis in its Jungian denomination, and much given to dark talk about archetypes and personas, to the anima and animus. He says that trade union leaders aren't fully masculine and that women's liberation leaders aren't fully feminine. He doesn't like Margaret Thatcher because she is too masculine, and he does like Louis Mountbatten because he was 'a real man'. In the end his attitude to the world, as seen in the

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mirror of the media, belongs not to social or political life, not to history or philosophy, but to psychology—or rather, psychiatry. Everyone is sick—except himself and, presumably, the people whom he praises or who publish him, above all the hero of his epilogue, Pope John Paul II. In the very end the articles and the book and all Booker's work are religious, the medium is the messiah.

After such a diet, *The 80s* comes as a welcome dose of salts. It is 'a look back at the tumultuous decade 1980-1989' produced in large format and with high spirits by a team from the American *National Lampoon*, a transatlantic Monty Python's view of a non-decade in which Britain is sold to Walt Disney, 1983 is the International Year of the Simultaneous Orgasm, the first test-tube baby proclaims herself the Msiah, and born-again Communism sweeps the Soviet Union.

The introduction quotes George Santayana —or rather, misquotes him (just as the new edition of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* does). In his marvellous book, *The Life of Reason*, he said: 'Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.' But first we must learn the present, and after the banality of both *The Seventies*, the laughter of *The 80s* is the best start yet.

Jean Paul Sartre
1905-1980

Next week **DAVID CAUTE** begins a four-part appreciation of Sartre's life and work as philosopher, novelist, critic, journalist, playwright and political activist.

John Westergaard

Myth of Equal Opportunity

Social Mobility & Class Structure in Modern Britain by JOHN H. GOLDTHORPE *Oxford* £12 & £4.95.

Equality of opportunity has figured long as an ideal and often, if intermittently, as a goal of reform. The bearing ideology of developing capitalism called for 'careers to be open to talent', as well as for ordinary jobs to be dutifully filled by those without 'talent'. And capitalism has a continuing need to be able to claim some success in translating that call into reality. Its philosophy offers no intrinsic ethical justification for the sharp inequalities of human condition which property and market forces create. So it has to offer instead a promise that achievement of wealth and power (conversely of poverty and subordination) will depend only on individual capacity, unimpeded by birth and upbringing.

The Victorian bourgeoisie in this country readily assumed, in agreement with Samuel Smiles, that their world now matched this rhetorical ideal of an 'open society', where everyman's fortune or ill-fortune was in his own hands. But it became harder to maintain such complacency in the climate of uncertainty which marked the transition to the 20th century — and at the same time more important to give the ideal some semblance of reality. New economic demands required better mobilisation of human skills. Labour dissidence, actual and potential, suggested a need to ease open, more visibly, the routes of individual escape from working-class life. The result was educational reform and, more generally, to put 'social mobility' on the political agenda.

How close, then, are we now to equal opportunity? Reduced to bare essentials the answer is sharp and simple: very little closer than at the turn of the century. The first comprehensive information on the subject in this country came from a nationwide retrospective sample survey undertaken, in 1949, by a team at LSE led by the late David Glass. The outstanding feature of the new work reported here — surveys in 1972 and 1974, by a team at Nuffield College, Oxford — is that neither the educational and welfare reforms of the 1940s nor the post-war economic boom significantly altered the pattern of gross class disparities in occupational opportunity revealed by the pioneer study some 25 years earlier and in smaller scale research thereafter.

This is not to say that Britain (more ac-

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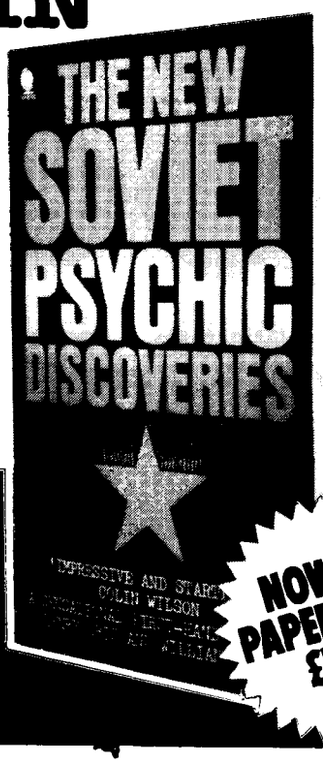

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curately England and Wales, to which the present results are confined) is a peculiarly 'closed society'; nor that the post-war years altered nothing at all. Whatever measures one chooses, there is much movement up and down the socio-economic scale, from generation to generation and in the course of individual working lives: no less so here, in general terms, than in other western countries. And post-war economic growth accentuated one significant change little evident from earlier British mobility research. The increase in managerial, administrative and professional work — broadly defined to embrace the jobs of about a quarter of the men sampled in this study — accelerated; meanwhile rank-and-file jobs in manual work continued their slow decline, even though by 1972 they still accounted for over half the men interviewed. So occupational shift made for more room, if not 'at the top', then in the privileged layers below it which offer good incomes as well as job authority and autonomy; which also, as the survey data here underline, offer normal lifetime security once you're there and well-above-average chances to set your children off to similar eventual success.

In this sense, chances in life have improved for the 'average man' (women were not included in the survey). But that expansion of average opportunity has not meant smaller differences in opportunity between men who start from privilege and men who start from down below. Birth and early upbringing in the 'service class' (John Goldthorpe's shorthand for the upper quarter or so) make ultimate position in that class three-to-four times more likely than do birth and early upbringing in the working class. The 'class opportunity gap' is very much wider if the measure taken is the chance of reaching only the higher echelons of managerial, administrative and professional work. And — here is the crunch — these formidable relative inequalities of opportunity have remained constant features of the experience of the many generations of men included in the new survey and its predecessor.

The conclusion is irresistible that socio-economic policy would need to bite sharply into the small broadly untouched substance of unequal *conditions* for such tenacious disparities in *opportunity* to be reduced. Goldthorpe and his colleagues, who draw just that lesson, argue that such radical change will come only if class conflict increases. As for prospects of that, their reading, reasonably, points clearly neither one way nor the other. The arithmetical constancy of the relative 'class opportunity gap' is a statistical phenomenon, invisible by comparison with the visible expansion of average chances in life at all levels. Neither upward nor downward social mobility appears, from survey conversations in 1974 with men who had experienced it, to make for disorientation, cultural rejection or discontent which might add to social conflict. If 'proletarianisation' of much clerical and low-level supervisory or technical work is in process, this is still unlikely to add new consolidated ranks of potential radicals to the working class, because men are rather rarely long enough in jobs of this kind to acquire consciousness of common kind. All that, and some more, favours the status quo.

But, on the other side of the balance sheet, manual workers are in many ways even more of 'a class on their own' than they were earlier. Though more escape up the ladder than before, there is little chance of such escape after the age of thirty. The majority who do not manage it have spent, and will continue to spend, their working lives more or less exclusively on the manual side of the fence. Most of these indeed were born there — more so than before, just because the shift in occupational structure unaccompanied by any compression of disparities in opportunity has curtailed downward mobility. Skilled and non-skilled, moreover, are not separate 'subclasses' but people who share broadly similar experiences and prospects in life, with much movement between these two 'levels' of manual work.

All this is likely to make for enhanced solidarity on the part of a thus 'mature' working class, to use Goldthorpe's summary phrase. And he sees other signs in the sky which may point the same way: the old order of 'status' and of respect for authority is increasingly questioned; industrial conflict has been 'politicised' through government involvement; economic stagnation and welfare retrenchment not only cut into previously established living standards, but may also tempt the wealthy to increase their children's protected access to privilege, so actually widening the 'class opportunity gap'. The sum could then add up to heightened class conflict and, from that, radical change towards the genuinely open society which Goldthorpe advocates.

The study has large gaps. Women do not figure; and their absence leaves no 'benchmark' information for the next round of research in which they *must* figure. The very poorest, and the small élites of extreme wealth and power, are too thinly represented in the random samples to allow study of their significantly peculiar positions. The authors acknowledge three omissions — even if they play them down rather too much — and explain them, with reason, as enforced by lack of time and money to do more than one job adequately. That job they do well. And while much of the book may be found heavy-going, the first and the last chapters — stripped as they are of technical detail — can and should be read by many more than professional sociologists.

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CHARLES GLASS is an American journalist who has worked a great deal in the Third World, particularly the Middle East and Southern Africa. He is editor of the magazine *Near East Business*.

PAUL BINDING is currently working on a study of Stephen Spender.

LAURENCE LERNER's books include *The Truthtellers, A Free Man* and *Selves*.

SIMON NORTH, who won a prize in the National Poetry Society Competition last year, has recently had his adaptation of *Pericles* performed.

ALAN PLATER's plays include *Close the Coalhouse Door*.

JULIAN BARNES's novel *Metroland* was published last month.

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The Open Text

CHRISTOPHER PRENDERGAST assesses the work of ROLAND BARTHES

ROLAND BARTHES DIED in hospital on the 26 March, as the result of a street accident. The flow of instant assessments and pre-prepared obituaries is, of course, inevitable, although Barthes himself, sharing with Flaubert a certain *taste* for stupidity, would doubtless have derived considerable pleasure from the spectacular ineptitude of *The Times* obituary. But even in hands more sensitively attuned to Barthes's enterprise, the rapid post-mortem, dissecting the corpus in search of the 'core' achievement, is a lost cause, precisely because the essence of Barthes is that he has no essence, no 'core' to be retrieved.

Two writers, Nietzsche and Gide, both of whom played a decisive role in Barthes's intellectual formation, once compared their mode of thinking as analogous to a 'dance'. The analogy could be aptly applied to Barthes's own work, not in the sense of a carefully choreographed execution, but rather as an experimental performance, forever changing positions, ceaselessly self-revising, above all always *on the move*. It is this mobile and dialectical quality of his thought that makes what, in the current circumstances, is conventionally required by the journalistic institution somewhat inappropriate. The occasion of Barthes's death is not in fact the occasion for an 'assessment', since this would be to impose on his writings that very principle of 'closure' which he spent much of his career opposing, and perhaps nowhere more succinctly than in the essay, 'The Death of the Author'.

For, in the simplest terms, what *was* Barthes — a literary critic, a cultural historian, an anthropologist of the modern world, a structuralist, a semiologist? What was his most important book — the structural study of French fashion (*Système de la mode*, 1967), the semiological travelogue on Japan (*L'Empire des signes*, 1970), the studies of Racine and Balzac (*Sur Racine*, 1963, *S/Z*, 1970), the 'anti-autobiography' (*Roland Barthes par Roland Barthes*, 1975), the study of the rhetoric of Love (*Fragments d'un discours amoureux*, 1977)? It is not just a question of the formidable range and catholicity of his interests but, more deeply, a question of intellectual strategy. Peculiarly resistant to our institutional orderings of the universe of knowledge, Barthes's work is, self-proclaimedly, without a centre.

Some books have of course been more influential than others — *S/Z* more widely read than, say, *L'Empire des signes*. In the academic world, his presence has probably been most powerfully felt in the field of literary studies, but his work on literature took place within a larger reflection on language, subjectivity and society which in turn entered influentially into many areas of the human sciences as a whole. Perhaps the nearest we get to an institutional definition of him is in the name given to his last post, at the Collège de France — the Chair of Literary Semiology. But whatever else that was, it could not plausibly be described as a 'discipline'. This wilful de-centredness proved vexing to many, to both the conservative guardians of the official culture and, eventually, to the partisans of 'hard' Left politics, giving rise to the image of the irresponsible eclectic, the intellectual dandy with the 'mandarin' style, self-consciously cultivating its enigmatic preciosities. But the difficulty of 'placing' Barthes derives directly from the fact that he consciously organised his whole career around making a virtue, and an inspiration, of the figure of displacement. As in Gide, fixity and positionality are in Barthes associated with the claustration of the spirit. In more political vein (arising from his encounters with the work of Marx, Sartre and Brecht), they produce that ideological monster, the Doxa (the established Wisdom) whose oppressive weight locks us into the given order of things as if it were the natural order of things.

What Barthes leaves us, therefore, is not so much a body of doctrine or a contribution to a discipline, as a general way of looking at the world in which the equivocal and the self-displacing are indispensable ingredients of its integrity. Within that way of looking there is, however, a pretty steady gaze. It is focussed primarily on the rhetoric of social life; in more formal terms, on the sign (as an extension of the Saussurian project of semiology as the 'science of signs') or rather on sign-ification, in the literal sense of the ways we make meaning and meaning makes us, constructs us as 'subjects' and our relations with others. The gaze is predominantly critical, the attitude of the 'mythologist' as defined in *Mythologies* (1957), whose decoding of the messages in the artefacts and practices of the contemporary world is also an activity of unmasking and demystification.

Mythologies, although an early work, has most of 'Barthes' in it: the critical insistence along with the ironic subterfuges, the elegant vignette, the turn of phrase that alters our perception of the familiar in unanticipated and refreshing ways, the fondness for abstraction and the abstruse, densely textured argumentative style. The central argument is indeed highly technical, drawing for the most part on the semiological concepts of Saussure and their subsequent refinement by the Danish linguist, Hjelmslev. The technicalities, along with the characteristic neologisms (for example, *'sinité'* for Western images of 'Chineseness'), brought forth the now familiar charge of 'jargon'. It was a criticism that was to re-emerge, in more explosive fashion, in the notorious polemic between Barthes and Raymond Picard of the Sorbonne over the appearance of *Sur Racine*. That, in this quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns, Barthes won hands down is now a matter of secondary importance. What was important was that the

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real object of the quarrel was less Racine (although the rage shown by the literary establishment must have had something to do with Barthes getting his grimy hands on the sacred figure of French literature) than language itself. On this question, the clash was inevitable and the differences unresolvable. Picard claimed to speak in the name of 'common-sense' as the site of the self-evidently true. But for Barthes 'self-evidence' was, always, the privileged object of suspicion, embodying a congealed set of meanings with a tacit ideology, whose very tacitness enacts its primary ideological function: to proffer the given as the natural. The instructive lesson, from which we have hopefully learnt much, is that in daring to use a different language of description, Barthes revealed that language is not an innocent, purely instrumental object, but saturated with ideological choices and prejudices, and how culturally and politically sensitive it becomes once the institutions which otherwise take language for granted are put under pressure.

THIS SET OF CONCERNS also informs his work on that most highly developed and sophisticated manifestation of language: literature. It is no accident that his most extended piece of literary analysis (*S/Z*) was the product of the seminar he ran for some years at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes under the heading of 'the sociology of signs, symbols and collective representations'. While joining with the early structuralists in the search for the 'specificity' of literary language, that search was part of a more general programme in which the key stress was on the relations between literature and social ways of seeing. The main argument of *Le Degré zéro de l'écriture* (1953) springs from the concept of *'écriture'* as the area in which the writer, through his relation to the signifying conventions of his medium, takes up a position vis-à-vis the standardised ways of seeing of his society. *S/Z* is not just a scrupulously detailed analysis of a short text by Balzac; it is also a general reflection on the order of *mimesis* as controlled by, and passively repeating, the socially negotiated (or imposed) 'knowledge' through which the given order of reality fashions itself in the image of Reality *tout court*.

But against this relation of pure repetition, there is also literature's other side — the source of its exemplary value for Barthes — as a force which outplays and undoes established orders of representation. It is that force which breaks through fixed systems of meaning into a domain where meanings are both endlessly problematical and endlessly possible, a pluralistic, multidimensional, heterogeneous space in which the reader can make, unmake and remake the text in a variety of systematic ways. One of Barthes's major contributions lies in his insistence on the reader's share in the process of constructing the 'reality' of the text. In this endeavour he was not alone, but it is arguable that he did more than anyone else to affirm the active potential of the reader, and to free him from the attitude of deferential submission to institutional authorities as the custodians of 'correct' interpretation. An important emphasis here was on the idea of 'play' (*'jouer'* and *'déjouer'* are favourite Barthesian terms): Barthes's reader plays (with) the text, in the sense both of the musical instrument and the child's toy, at once strictly regulated and freely ludic. In his later work, notably *Le Plaisir du texte* (1973), this way of construing the literary experience, in its more radical forms, came to be associated with the life of the unconscious and in particular the erotic. Here the reading of the text, especially the 'modern' text, is posed as an experience in which the 'codes' vacillate and identities dissolve, entailing a dissolution of the socially positioned subject in a manner analogous to the melting rapture of *jouissance*.

THE RADICAL FORCE of literature for Barthes thus lies in its unstitching of the socially woven fabric of our 'subjectivity'. Yet quite what the exact relation is between literature and *jouissance* was never made fully clear; moreover that a permanently 'deconstructed' subjectivity is necessarily a source of rapture remains a moot point. Other problems remain. For example, in *Critique et vérité* (1966), Barthes's most programmatic statement of what the study of literature might be, there is the promise of a formalisation of literature's polyvalency, an account of the underlying 'logic' of literary plurality — a promise no sooner made than withdrawn.

Another difficulty, arising from the opposition *classique/moderne* in S/Z, concerns Barthes's relation to the literature of the past. Although he denied that his use of the terms 'classic' and 'modern' implied a schematic literary history or a view of the 'classic' as the poor relation of the modern, the choice of the very terms generated considerable obfuscation. Finally, and more generally, there was, in his later writings, a clear movement towards a kind of reductive pessimism with regard to language and meaning as such. In the earlier texts, there is a firmly stated distinction: between a healthy and a diseased condition of signification; between signifying practices in which we are producers rather than mere consumers; between systems that are open and self-critical and those which are closed and taken-for-granted. In his later work, however, there appears a tendency to pose the scene of language as such almost exclusively as one of oppression and violence. Like Foucault's police discursive or Lacan's assimilation of language, and the symbolic order it sustains, to the negating authority of the Law, Barthes's later thinking identifies closely with that general disposition of modern French thought to see any constituted system of sense in terms of a totalitarian model of power and domination.

This reaches its height in the last published work, *Leçon* (the text of his inaugural lecture at the Collège de France), where he proposes that language is *inherently* fascist, on the grounds that its primary operations of nomination and predication forcibly coerce the subject, both speaking and spoken to, into a system of classificatory categories over which he has no choice or control. A minimal criticism of this somewhat dispiriting view is that if language is repressive, it is also enabling; in Chomsky's emphasis, if constrained and constraining, it is also a rich system.

Yet the problems are an essential part of the inheritance. Barthes does not bequeath us a Wisdom, and the last thing for those of us whom he inspired is to collapse into a reverential hagiography. The 'legacy' is as much a set of problems and questions as anything else. The text of Barthes belongs to the living, to active inquiry, open debate, perpetual revision, unlike what, in *Roland Barthes par Roland Barthes*, he called the text of the dead: Texte des morts: texte litanique ou on ne peut changer un mot.

Laurence Lerner

The People Who Do Not Love Me

The people who do not love me
come out of their houses, filling the buses
and trains
They wear jeans and knotted T-shirts,
Jumpers and three-piece suits.
None have horns
Or golden eyes or (nowadays) wooden legs
Or more than the regulation number of arms.
In the chunky houses,
On top of each other in the bristling cities,
Wriggling out of their clothes on littered
beaches,
All these people are unaware of my wrongs.
The world is out of control.
Somewhere in the rue de Rivoli
A coach disgorges sixty Japanese tourists
Who have never heard my name.

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Paul Binding

Desperate Situations

A German Love Story by ROLF HOCHHUTH translated by John Brownjohn *Weidenfeld* £6.50

The Left-Handed Woman by PETER HANDKE translated by Ralph Manheim *Eyre Methuen* £4.95

When awake, said Heinrich Heine, in 'Deutschland: Ein Wintermärchen', the German is fearful of challenging his rulers. But in his dreams it is another matter.

> Nur träumend, im idealen Traum
> Wagt ihnen der Deutsche zu sagen
> Die deutsche Meinung, die er so tief
> Im treuen Herzen getragen.

(Only dreaming, in an ideal dream, does the German dare to tell them his German opinion, which he has kept so deep in his loyal heart.' *trans. Peter Branscombe.*) Heine's lines are worth recalling since not only do they face up to the tragic German capacity for collective submission to might, they also emphasise the — sometimes all but invisible — plurality of German culture: inside strong and apparently cohesive Germanies continue a multiplicity of dreams that can themselves be seen as specifically German. The work of both Rolf Hochhuth (born 1931) and Peter Handke (born 1942 — in Austria, but Germany has provided both setting and subject for his recent work) are further testimonies to this.

Both books under review demonstrate divisions and tensions within the seeming unanimity of German society, and interestingly in both the intuitive dissident is a woman in early middle age. Pauline in Hochhuth's *A German Love Story* defies the Third Reich's insane racial laws — to which she pays a certain intellectual lip-service — in the most radical way: she sleeps with a Polish prisoner-of-war. Contemporary Marianne in Handke's *Left-Handed Woman* is possessed — to return to Heine's image — of dreams that reduce to insignificance the busy yet spiritually dead world around her — yet her protest, which results in an almost nun-like withdrawal, is made from no overt critical stance. If we think of Robert Graves's 'Man does, woman is', it is the 'is' that provides the ethic with which the 'does' can be attacked.

In examining their case-histories — and Hochhuth's documentary novel, based on careful research and interviews, comes literally into this category — the two writers (unlike in almost every other respect) both reveal an analytical detachment from their society. Yet both are at pains to show that this very position is one that has characterised German humanist writers from Schiller and Goethe to the present. Handke's novel, indeed, concludes with a quotation from Goethe — from *Die Wahlwerwandtschaften (Elective Affinities)*: 'in desperate situations where everything hangs in the balance, one goes on living as though nothing were wrong'. Both writers are anxious too, through their demonstrations, to show that modern German experience — extraordinary though it may seem — can shed light on the experience of other societies. Hochhuth is concerned that we should see in the events he brings to life a paradigm of the helplessness of individuals in the face of society and its political developments. 'We live in sick times', his heroine tells herself uncomprehendingly, 'without reflecting that time exists solely on the face of the clock whereas "the times" are people or what they think or do.'

True, but that reflection really gets us nowhere nearer an understanding of the things that were thought and done in Nazi Germany. The story that Hochhuth investigated is at once particularly horrifying and typical enough to stand as representative of the sickness of the Third Reich. In a country village German Pauline and Polish Stasiek commit the crime of 'GV' (*Geschlechtsverhehr*— sexual intercourse between Germans and aliens). For this they are denounced by the neighbours; she is sent to Ravensbruck, he brutally strangled by a co-

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opted compatriot (this last touch an official insistence from Himmler). The account of Pauline and Stasiek's fate is interspersed with extended reflections by Hochhuth himself on Nazi Germany. These, one cannot but feel, should not have been necessary to him. As it is, they interrupt to its detriment the narrative flow, blocking our emotional involvement with the people; moreover they often seem to bring no real illumination of a drama that surely in *itself* provides sufficient proof of Germany's spiritual illness. Hochhuth, intent on fairness, attempts to redress various balances of his earlier work — thus he shows us how devout country *Catholics,* including priests, often were the most morally outraged members of the community — and he pays a rather rambling and, in the context of the novel, inorganic tribute to Churchill. Really the most interesting parts of *A German Love Story* are the extensive quotations from Party memoranda. Concerning women who have gone out with non-Germans: 'Should the women and girls of a locality decide to subject the woman concerned to public obloquy or cut off her hair before she is transferred to a concentration camp, the police are not to interfere'. And, to be read together with this last, 'most *husbands* of accused or convicted women vigorously *defend their wives.* They forgive them for having sexual intercourse . . . They have, they say, lived happily with their wives and will do so again'.

Industry and loftiness of purpose are not sufficient qualities in a novelist, however; Handke succeeds where Hochhuth fails because of his single-minded and idiosyncratic concentration on his art. His approach to his subject is perhaps a poet's rather than a conventional novelist's; clearly the work of a highly analytical mind concerned with the values of society itself, *The Left-Handed Woman* eschews conventional, novelistic analysis of either its central character or her situation, presenting both through a logical sequence of visually intensely rendered scenes. These often engender a sense of bewilderment in both author and reader (why is Marianne behaving as she is here?) yet compassionate concentration on them leads to understanding — in the imagination and in the heart. I know indeed no more poignant or subtle fictional account of loneliness (and of the inadequacies of society that creates it) than Handke's latest novel.

And its emotional success — in contrast with the emotional failure of *A German Love Story* — is due to the fact that Handke fulfilled Butler's dictum for a novelist: 'Do not hunt for subjects, let them choose you, not you them'.

Marianne, 30 years old, goes to the airport to meet Bruno, her husband, back from a business trip to Finland. He arrives tired, a little drunk. He tells her of the frightening solitude of his Finnish sales-journeys:

> Suddenly I was afraid of going mad with loneliness . . . I've often told you I loved you, but now for the first time I feel that we're bound to each other. Till death do us part. And the strange part of it is that I now feel I could exist without you.

Marianne realises from these words that part of Bruno is already considering deserting her, and to reduce the pain of eventual separation, she asks him that night to leave her — and immediately. He agrees. When he has gone Marianne does not much miss him; they hac no mutual empathy of heart or mind. No does she find this elsewhere; even her relation ship with her 10-year-old son is one of (affec tionate) distance. In so far as she attain anything in the frightening emptiness of th husbandless months described, it is a sense o kinship with the natural world which contem porary man disregards:

> She looked into the woods; the snow was fallin so lightly that nothing moved. Far behind th thinly spaced trees there was a fountain; the thi stream of water that flowed into it tinkled as i fell.

The inorganic community in which she live has nothing to offer her, apart from phone organisations to induce ersatz solidarity Marianne tells a friend: '[Baudelaire] says th only political action he understands is revolt Suddenly it flashed through my mind that th only political action I could understand woul be to run amok.'

Yet, towards the close of this disturbing novel, an enheartening epiphany takes plac for Marianne. People in her life whom she ha known only as isolated figures all turn up a her house at the same time, and there is a sor of impromptu party. For a few hours or s they come together, laugh, talk, release ten sions, and though the occasion will produc no long-lasting effects, its very existence is matter for muted rejoicing, for realising tha life in society *can* be other than it is.

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Alan Hollinghurst

Elapsing Lives

The Beggar Maid by ALICE MUNRO *Allen Lan* £4.95
The Sweet Shop Owner by GRAHAM SWII *Allen Lane* £5.95
The House of the Prophet by LOU AUCHINCLOSS *Weidenfeld* £5.95
The Last Peacock by ALLAN MASSIE *Bodl Head* £5.95

Alice Munro's *Who Do You Think You Are* which won the 1979 Governor General Award in Canada, appears here under the le happy title of *The Beggar Maid* and in vulgar pictorial wrapper. But it is importa not to be put off: it is a work of gre brilliance and depth. Her subtitle is 'Tales Flo and Rose', and her form either a novel a collection of short stories about the san people, a form which allows considerab economy and suppleness. Rose is the princip character, and although the book covers whole life (and by extension two whole gener tions) it achieves its breadth of scope not b diffusion but by a continuous concentratio Flo is Rose's stepmother, a quick-tongu hard-working woman who swaps her bygo smalltown gossip with Rose's tales of t children in her school and their families.

The sense of the past, in these stories, and the rapidly elapsing lives of the characters, anything but sentimental; rather the moi delusiveness of the past is revealed by the a vance of a vacant and frustrated preser Love, and the hope it precipitates, a relentlessly tested: 'the enslavement, the se

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abasement, the self-deception . . . Headlong hopefulness, readiness, need.' But to know this is no protection against oneself, 'Life making a gigantic fuss, as usual, for a small effect,' things happening 'as painfully and ruinously as possible'.

Munro's power of analysis, of sensations and thoughts, is almost Proustian in its sureness, and though her forms are scrupulously small, she accumulates an extremely moving sense of the *length* of life, childhood, entirely ordinary as it was, taking place (as recalled) at a legendary distance, the shapeless mundanity of existence transformed by memory (and brilliantly precise artifice) into something visible all at once, recognisable and pathetic. But this is the kind of recognition that humankind cannot bear very much of; the fragmented structure of the book offers a sophisticated metaphor for the mind's preferred habit of seeing life in fictionally distinct episodes, preventing confrontation with the naked facts of failure ('everything she had done could be seen as a mistake'):

> She would rather not think of any of this. She prefers to see through metal window-frames of dripping cedars and salmonberry bushes and the proliferating mortal greenery of the rain forest some small views of lost daily life.

'Lost daily life' is also the subject of Graham Swift's marvellous first novel, which looks back through the recollections of Mr Chapman, another hardworking shopkeeper, in what turns out to be the last day of his life. The retrospect covers both war and peace in the affairs of the High Street of a London suburb, and questions the meanings of these states in everyday existence — the mundanity of war, the hostility of ordinary life. Swift works by the compilation of fastidiously observed detail that emphasises its own repetitive meaninglessness at the same time as accumulating, in Mr Chapman's long reminiscence, a pathos and a sense of history. His characters exist at an impotent remove from what they imagine to be real life, and are the prey to a kind of spiritual inertia; the prose refuses to become expansive just as the lives it defines are circumscribed and visionless. Real life happens to people like Mr Chapman's daughter, who is educated and goes away, and Swift is penetratingly good on the agonising embarrassment of relations between parents and daughter.

It might be thought that at moments there is something too writerly about Mr Chapman's monologue, spoiling its potential pathos with a too poetic or designed articulacy. Even so his final walk across the common on a hot summer day, in excruciating pain from angina, is masterly; intercut with the recollection of a mile race he won at school, the experience is both exciting and deeply poignant. The book is beautifully designed and produced.

The House of the Prophet also looks back and assesses a life, but that of a 'great man', Felix Leitner, an American political commentator. Autobiography is interspersed with the memoirs of other people in his life to create a complicated picture of his character. This doesn't fully work, however; Auchincloss's prose is a miracle of limpidity, naturalness and precision, but this militates against particularly vivid characterisation of the supposed different writers of the memoirs: they don't betray themselves enough. The novel's fascination lies in its examination of charisma: it is about Leitner's personality, not his philosophy, and at the same time as showing how charisma cannot be conveyed, wisely avoids showing just *how* Leitner is great. The whole process is more Jamesian and suggestive, particularly in the way that the material is edited and coordinated by Roger Cutter, an emasculated outsider resigned to merely vicarious pleasure. To him Leitner is 'one of the greatest men in the world,' but having assembled the testimonies of those who knew him he finds that they do not correspond to his ideal: 'The Felix that arose from these pages refused to behave as he ought to have behaved'; as well as confirming his brilliance and his remedial power that enables others to see life steadily and see it whole, the memoirs reveal his destructive egotism and show him as much a monster as a saint (suggesting perhaps that saints *are* monsters). But the lesson of Felix's search for truth is not lost and Cutter lets the material stand.

Allan Massie's second novel, too, involves a degree of retrospection: 'coming home to a death is a time for excavation.' But the purpose of this in general is not to illuminate the past but to create the feeling of bitter disappointment in the present. As his right-thinking characters (who are few) recognise: 'There was a certain nastiness in the air,' and the gathering of relatives for the death of a fine old lady serves as the occasion not so much for elegy (the symbolic peacock in the grounds dies and is stuffed) as for mordant satire of right-wing nastiness and dingy opportunism growing over a deepening fear. All the marriages in the novel are disastrous, and most of the characters unusually 'don't like sex'. Colin, the wittiest and cleverest character, does nothing but drink. Massie is no stylist but there is something very distinctive about his blend of acerbity and melancholy, the 'insufferable' attitudes of the people, the Scottish rain and gloom, 'soft' weather and a 'hard' significance.

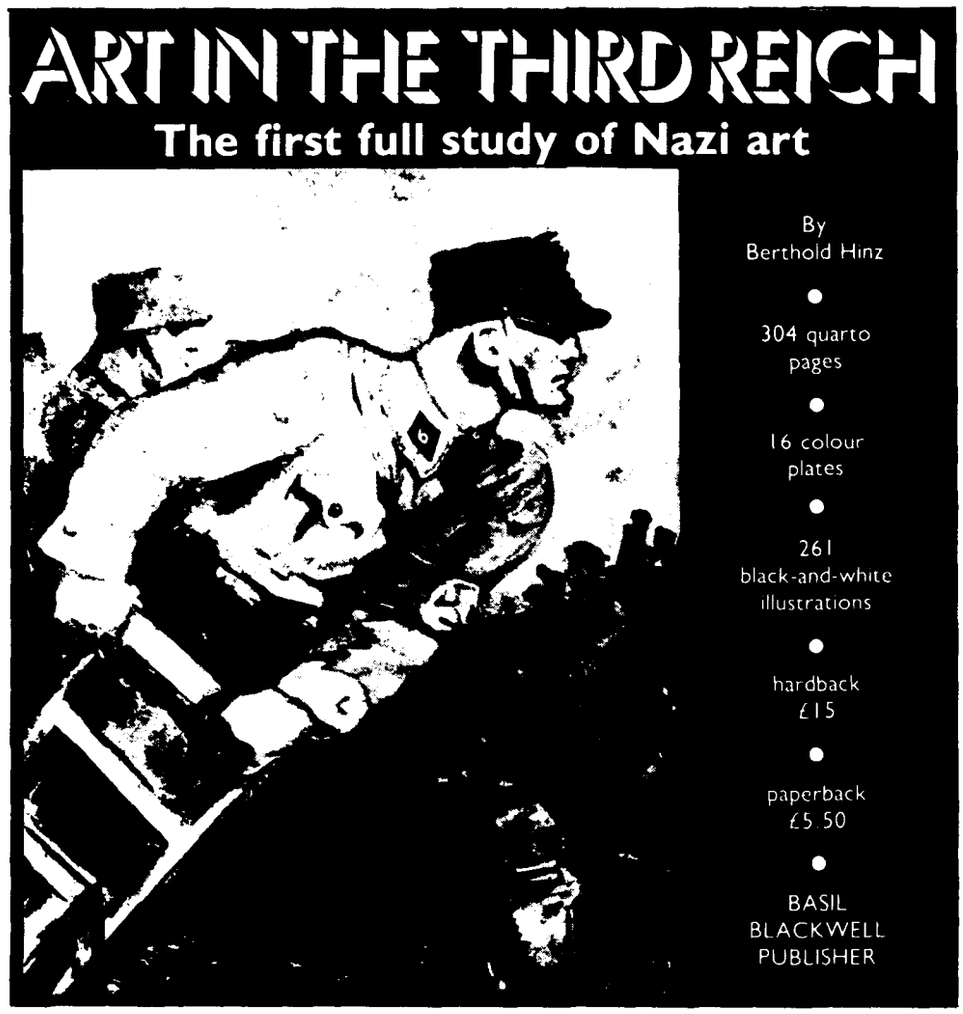
Simon North

The Cry Of The Crane

When you hear the voice of the crane,
take note.
She gives the signal for ploughing
And points to the season of rainy winter.
She pains the heart of the man with
no oxen.

When you hear the voice of the crane
She gives the signal,
And points to the season of pain
For man.

When you hear the voice of the crane
In the air winter is near.
Take care! Take care!
Your hair will shake free like pine needles
Your flesh will drop from your breasts
Your skin will bloom with strange flowers
Your legs will weaken, your fingers
Will be stubbs prodding unresponsive earth,
The piercing air will drain your eyes
Like mosquitoes. Your children
Will crawl from the womb like slugs
Into the dead city
When you hear the cry of the crane.



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FESTIVALS 1980

Andrew Clements

After the Boom

The 1970s were the heyday of the festival; every community with pretensions to a historical and cultural heritage felt the urge to exploit it and flaunt its ability to mount a planned programme of events. But such celebrations of *Gemeinschaft* might well prove to be a short-lived phenomenon. As the regional budgets of the Arts Council are trimmed back still farther, external funding for the smaller, less ambitious projects is going to be hard to find, while the long-established, prestigious festivals will still be able to attract commercial sponsorship.

So, among the leading venues, the pecking order is likely to remain as it has for the last 15 years, led in spectacular, glossy fashion by Edinburgh with its expensive mix of international celebrities and imported and homegrown opera productions. Opera promises to be the main attraction this year — Cologne Opera is bringing its *Cosi fan tutte* and Cimarosa's *The Secret Marriage,* Scottish Opera is mounting new productions of *The Cunning Little Vixen* and *Wozzeck,* while the Fires of London give the first performances of Peter Maxwell Davies's chamber opera *The Lighthouse.* For the rest the recipe is familiar, with a sprinkling of top soloists and orchestras: visits from the London Symphony, the New York Philharmonic and the Leipzig Gewandhaus.

Edinburgh is followed more or less closely in the league table by Aldeburgh and Bath, Cheltenham and the English Bach Festival, though the last has an impoverished look to its plans this year, suffering more than most from the partial withdrawal of Arts Council generosity. Perhaps only sentiment leaves Cheltenham among the leaders; it has lost much of its glamour in recent years and lacks a convenient *genius loci,* as Aldeburgh had for so long and Bath has worked to secure, first with Menuhin, then Tippett, and most recently with Sir William Glock as Artistic Director.

Bath Festival, indeed, goes from strength to strength, with more events than ever and now its own Fringe. Alone of the mainstream of British festivals it retains a healthy chunk of contemporary music — important British premieres this year of pieces by Brian Ferneyhough and Elliott Carter, the latter a new piano piece and a considerable coup after the 1979 presentation of Carter's previous piece, *Syringa.* The featured British composer is to be John Casken. Cheltenham has in recent years established its own 'house' performers with regular appearances from Alfred Brendel, the Frankl-Pauk-Kirshbaum Trio and the Fitzwilliam Quartet; an admirable standard of music-making, but it's sad to see what was once the leading platform for younger British composers reduced to less than a handful of premieres, though two of those — an oboe concerto by Anthony Payne and a new work for chamber orchestra from Edward Cowie — promise to be significant works from important figures.

Behind the front-runners there is always a group of aspirants; the Brighton Festival at one time bid fair to become the Edinburgh of the South Coast, complete with a Festival Fringe and Military Tattoo. But the musical events look to be wholesale imports from the winter season in London; safe, tried artists and programmes with little sense of adventure and too much emphasis on attracting the casual tourist audiences.

Less bruited, two of the Welsh festivals have made solid reputations for themselves and doubtless performed a valuable service in their region. The programme of the Fishguard Festival was not available at the time of writing, but in past years it has done sterling work in promoting native talent including opera. In Swansea the splendidly sumptuous Brangwyn Hall is the focal point of an interesting mixture of opera and symphony orchestra concerts, with a short season from Welsh National Opera (*Tosca, Rigoletto* and William Mathias's *The Servants*), visits from the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra and the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, and three concerts from the Philharmonia.

Buxton Festival is a relatively new venture, now utilising the Buxton Opera House which opened last year. Had it employed the opera house only to put on standard repertory works, one would still have been grateful for the enterprise. But the choice of productions is extremely adventurous: both operas to be presented this August by the Buxton Festival Opera are real rarities on the British stage. Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict* is seldom heard except in concert performance, while *Hamlet* by Ambroise Thomas is promised in its first professional production in Britain since 1910. The Berlioz connection is completed with perfor

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mances of the *Symphonie Fantastique* and its arcane sequel *Lélio*, an impressively cogent presentation that deserves the greatest possible success.

Exactly what festivals do for many of these resorts, apart from providing valuable revenue is rather open to doubt. If you are not interested in the cultural diet, late August and early September is emphatically not the time to visit Edinburgh, nor does the casual visitor gain much from being in Bath at the same time as the festival there. Only Aldeburgh, incomparably among British festivals, is indissoluble from the place itself. There are few more treasurable musical experiences in Britain than hearing Aldeburgh favourites in the halls and churches for which Britten wrote them — the Church parables in Orford Church, and almost anything else in the Snape Maltings. Even when the programmes have lost their freshness, as they have tended to do in recent years, Aldeburgh offers the nearest approach to a true festival atmosphere.

No festival of whatever magnitude could impart much of a festive air to London. The BBC regards the Promenade concerts as a festival, claiming it as the biggest in the world, though there is little to the season except a series of concerts, and festivals should be rather more than that. The Camden Festival has been and gone for this year, and the Handel Festival is having a small-scale celebration at St George's, Hanover Square, this week; the City of London jamboree is still to come. Glyndebourne Festival Opera could almost be called one of the London cadre, geared very definitely towards visitors down the line from Victoria, though if you want to come in your helicopter you must make arrangements beforehand with the Glyndebourne Transport Office. The new productions this year are *The Seraglio* and *Der Rosenkavalier*; the revivals are the 1979 *Fedelta Premiata*, the 1978 *Magic Flute* (with designs by Hockney) and the *Falstaff* first seen in 1976. No problems there about finding commercial sponsors.

Benedict Nightingale

Firework Parties

'Festival' is one of the language's more persecuted words. Bring together the Gay Sweatshop Theatre Company, a string quartet, and Brian Patten to read a few poems, and you have a festival of arts. Get Lord Snow to give a lecture, and it has been transformed into a festival of arts and sciences. Invite an American professor to show some slides, or the wife of the Liechtenstein ambassador to open the proceedings, and it's become an international do. Persuade the monarch's fourth cousin twice removed to leave his horse at the door and listen to a chord or two, and you can glorify the event still further. Do it all two years running, and, lo, you have the annual royal international festival of arts and sciences.

Well, all right, that's an extreme case; but not altogether improbable. A few years back an enterprising young man of my acquaintance wrote to all the nation's regional theatres, asking what they were putting on in the early autumn and hoping it wouldn't be something that insulted the intelligence. The result was a brochure proclaiming 'the first festival of British theatre — over 90 theatres will be taking part, in 61 towns and cities, covering England, Scotland and Wales'. No matter that Crewe rep probably would have staged Peter Nichols's *National Health* in any case: the play had been magically transmuted into an 'event', a contribution to a national celebration and an invitation to the fun-loving tourist to discover the hidden delights of our number-one railway junction.

That resourceful organiser's shade lives on. For instance, it would surprise me if Nottingham Playhouse wouldn't be (its publicity's quaint phrase) 'celebrating the 50th anniversary of D. H. Lawrence's death' by staging his *Daughter-in-Law* this May, whether or not a Lawrence festival had been arranged for the area. Again, I suspect it might have presented Willy Russell's Beatles musical, *John, George, Paul, Ringo and Bert*, a month later, with or without 'the Nottingham Festival 1980': a happening that also brings to the Theatre Royal Richard Harris's amusing *Inside Edge* and something called *Hello, Paris*, 'staged by Miss Bluebell and featuring her famous Bluebell girls'.

Go 30 miles south, and it's a similar tale. In June the Phoenix Theatre in Leicester is performing a futuristic musical called *Killer on the Dance Floor*, which comes complete with characters called Vampirella, Roland Debaucherie, and Quincey Mobile, 'a larger-than-life Larry Grayson of dubious sex'. Nice, summery stuff from one of our more unorthodox reps: also, oddly, billed as part of the 'Leicester Festival'.

Other 'festivals' would be better described as seasons. That certainly seems the case with the Shakespearean sprees mounted this summer by the RSC at Stratford (*As You Like It, Romeo and Juliet*, the Michael Pennington Hamlet, *Richard II, Richard III)* and by the Open Air theatre in clammy Regents Park (*Much Ado, Midsummer Night's Dream*, plus Shaw's *Androcles*). Both, however, are solemnly listed in the Arts Council's catalogue of festivals; and so is something that calls itself the 'Chichester Festival', meaning four plays running in rep from May to September in the same squat building where Laurence Olivier's National Theatre began its active life some 20 years ago. This year, the offerings are *Much Ado*, Boucicault's *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, Lonsdale's *Last of Mrs Cheyney*, and, for the first time for several seasons, a new play.

Ted Tally's *Terra Nova* is about Scott's and Amundsen's race for the Pole and is described as 'an heroic story of the agony and courage of the Englishmen'. Just the thing for what's possibly the truest-bluest audience in Britain (where else, I wonder, does everyone stand quivering while the Queen is played in full?); but, again, not quite what I mean by a festival.

A festival, properly considered, is surely a sort of artistic firework party: shortish, sharpish, and not simply a routine happening self-importantly retitled. By that test, the supreme theatre festival in Britain still occurs in Edinburgh at the end of August. That may sound a perverse judgment, since we critics regularly lament the paucity of its dramatic offerings beside its musical ones, and may this year once again be harking nostalgically back to the long-lost days when plays by T.S. Eliot were premiered beneath the castle walls. But the important

Chester Summer Music Festival 1980

19th to 26th JULY

Artistic Director: **Martin Merry**

Performers include: RLPO (Del Mar), Polish Chamber Orchestra (Jerzy Maksymiuk), BBC Northern Singers (Stephen Wilkinson), Manchester Camerata (Martin Merry), Endellion String Quartet, Songmakers Almanac, Cambridge Buskers, Paco Pena, Sheila Armstrong, George Thalben-Ball, Walter Klien, Marius May, Jake Thackray, Jill Gomez, Martyn Hill, Patrick Moore.

Further details (sae please) from the Festival Office, 6 Northway, Curzon Park, Chester CH4 8BB.

BUXTON FESTIVAL

22 July-10 August

***Hamlet* (A. Thomas) *Beatrice & Benedict* (Berlioz)**

***Rosencrantz & Guildenstern* (Stoppard)**

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29 June – 5 July

Sheila Armstrong Catherine Denley Yvonne Kenny
Patrizia Kwella Elizabeth Lane Philip Langridge
Felicity Palmer Mitsuko Shirai David Thomas
Adrian Thompson Vivien Townley Helen Walker

City of London Sinfonia Paul Crossley
Endymion Ensemble Daniel Epstein London Sinfonietta
Philharmonia Wind Players Raphael Trio
Richard Hickox Richard Hickox Singers Susan Salm
Yitkin Seow Wooburn Singers

Samuel Barber Meirion Bowen Edward Greenfield
Geoffrey Parsons

For brochure and booking form write to Festival Office,
45 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LS or phone 01-586 0079 (24 hours)

event is now the fringe, which has burgeoned and proliferated until it could reasonably be mistaken for the festival proper. This year, the 'official' side offers the RSC in the two *Henry IV* plays, and the National Theatre in both the medieval passion plays it has already presented on the South Bank and the revival of *Watch on the Rhine* it is soon to do. It will also be importing companies from Athens, Ottawa, Vancouver.

Yet I myself expect to spend most of my time and critical energy in attics, basements and the grottier class of church hall, watching Kaboodle, Abyss, Bite, Halcyon, Leaping Tiger, Mental Guerrillas, Achilles and his Size-5 Heel Tappers, and all the other companies that make the fringe the magic forest it usually is.

The ideal formula for a festival is intensity of activity, plus a setting that beguiles and pleases in its own right. Edinburgh, for all its looming greys and blacks, offers that. So does York, which this year promises mystery plays, Webster's little-known *Devil's Law-Case,* and much else.

So, to a lesser extent, does Malvern, famous in the days of Elgar and Shaw, and this May the sole begetter of productions of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and Wilde's *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime,* both with Anthony Quayle and Honor Blackman. So, too, Oxford, where in July and August you can find Priestley's least-known 'time play', *I Have Been Here Before* and a still-undecided 'classic' farce by Brian Rix. And so pretty Ludlow, where the annual Shakespeare production turns out this June to be *Macbeth.*

So one might go on, invoking Brighton, Pitlochry, or, as an urban alternative, stately Greenwich. Walk through the park towards the end of June, past all those imperial piles, down to the river and the Cutty Sark. There, in the hold, you can hear and see a history of the clipper herself: sea shanties, memories of the 'glorious era when the sailing ship ruled the waves', even 'wine and a presentation glass', and all sponsored by Chloride Metals Limited. I myself probably won't be there, being less glamorously engaged at that time watching Shaw's unacknowledged masterpiece, *John Bull's Other Island,* at the Greenwich rep nearby; but, you must agree, the very stuff of which festivals are made.

London Handel Festival

Monday 28 April
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HANDEL COMES TO ENGLAND
The Parley of Instruments
(Handel, Purcell, Blow, etc.)

Tuesday 29 April
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MUSIC FOR PRAISE & REFLECTION
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Wednesday 30 April
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HANDEL AND ITALY
Tilford Ensemble
(Handel, Vivaldi, Tartini)

Thursday 1 May
St. George's, Hanover Square
HANDEL'S GERMANY
Tilford Bach Orchestra
(Handel, Stölzel, Telemann)

Friday 2 May
St. George's, Hanover Square
THE BAROQUE CONCERTO
Tilford Bach Orchestra
(Handel, Vivaldi, Garth, Stanley)

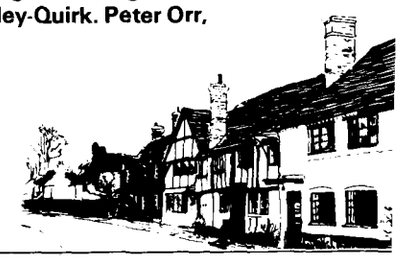
Saturday 3 May
St. George's, Hanover Square
MESSIAH
Tilford Bach Choir & Orchestra

Festival Director: Denys Darlow
Tickets: Chappell's Box Office,
50 New Bond Street, London W.1.
Tel: 01-629 7600

14TH WOOBURN FESTIVAL
6th-20th September 1980
(Centred at Wooburn Town, High Wycombe, Bucks)

Artists include: Heather Harper, Richard Hickox, Christopher Hogwood, Roger McGough, Brian Patten, Ronnie Scott, John Shirley-Quirk. Peter Orr, Crispian Steele-Perkins.

Programme and details:
Festival Secretary,
Wooburn Cottage,
Berghers Hill,
Wooburn Green,
High Wycombe,
Bucks.



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CHICHESTER 905 FESTIVITIES
5-19 JULY 1980

Artists appearing include:
Academy of St Martin in the Fields, John Birch, Brighton Festival Chorus, Jack Brymer, The Choir of Chichester Cathedral, English Chamber Orchestra, Peter Hurford, London Symphony Orchestra Wind Ensemble, Jeremy Menuhin, Riccardo Muti, Philharmonia Orchestra, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, Polish Chamber Orchestra, Elisabeth Söderström.

All enquiries to: Canon Gate House,
South Street, Chichester, Sussex.
Telephone: (0243) 785718.

Pershore Festival

14-28 June

Bournemouth Sinfonietta, Juan Martin, Haydn's "The Seasons", Maas Movers, "You Never Can Tell", Folk Evening, 20th Century Music, Organ Recital, Jazz Party, Barber Shop Singing, Dance Festival, Art Exhibition, Town Walk and many other events.

Details & Brochure from
Miss I. James, "Brevern",
Birlingham, Pershore, Worcs.
Tel: Evesham (0386) 750505.

MANANAN FESTIVAL
13-25 June

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New Swingle Singers – Donald Swann, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, B.B.C. Northern Singers, B.B.C. TV Musician of the Year, Opera & Play 'The Marriage of Figaro', Recitals, Jazz, Craft Exhibition, Festival Club etc.

Details:
Mananan Festival Office
Port Erin, I.O.M.
(0624) 83 2662

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Festival Facts

A few notes on the facts and figures of an evolving literary festival in Lancaster

Writing '78

Cost: less than £10,000. Sources of finance: six sponsors, payment of organisers' wages by Manpower Services Commission. Financial outcome: loss of just less than 10%. Staff: organiser, assistant, steered by committee. Participants: 20 writers including Anthony Burgess, Edward Bond, Erich Fried, Seamus Heaney. Events: films, workshops, plays, dance, concerts, book displays, visits by writers to schools. Duration: five days.

Lancaster Literary Festival 1979

Costs greatly increased, income greatly increased, financial outcome the same — 10% loss. Two organisers. Forty participants. Duration: ten days. Number of tickets bought: 5,000. Writers' fees: as in every year, all negotiated independently.

Writing '80, Third International Lancaster Festival of Literature

Two organisers appointed on Manpower Services Commission money last summer. Now being paid from Festival funds. Increased list of sponsors. Self-financing poetry competition attracted 1,500 entries. Winter events in advance of the Festival held to raise money for it. Loss-making souvenir programme replaced by free 16-page tabloid funded by advertising revenue. Festival Club and Company formed, membership of which (£2 per year or £5 for three years) brings year-round information, reduced-rate tickets and a chance to have a say in the Festival's running. Duration: eight days (17-24 May). Participants: more than 40 writers including John Updike, children's writers like

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC LUCERNE

16 August-9 September, 1980

Swiss Festival Orchestra
European Community Youth Orchestra
New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
Radio Symphony Orchestra Basel
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Lucerne Festival Choir
Warsaw National Philharmonic Chorus
Luzerner Singer
Die Luzerner Vokalsolisten
Fistulatores et Tubicinatores Varsovienses
La Grande Ecurie et la Chambre du Roy

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Master Courses: (Conservatoire of Music) Piano, violin, cello, voice Seminars and lectures (organ, percussion, composition, conducting)

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Information & Programmes: International Festival of Music PO Box 424 CH-6002 Lucerne (Switzerland) Phone: 041. 23.35.62/041. 23.52.72

Salisbury Festivities
4-17 SEPT 1980

Artists appearing include: Academy of St Martin in the Fields, John Birch, Iona Brown, Andrew Davis, Peter Hurford, Jessye Norman, Philharmonia Orchestra, The Singers Company, Marisa Robles.

All enquiries to: Castle Mews, 29A Castle Street, Salisbury, Wiltshire. Telephone: Salisbury (0722) 23883.

30th King's Lynn Festival

Orchestral and Chamber Concerts
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Drama, Films, Tours
Children's Events, Fringe

Full Programme from:
King's Lynn Festival Office Dept A6
King Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk
PE30 1HA Tel (0553) 3578

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CONCERTS: Chamber Music • String Orchestra • Wind Ensembles • Symphony Orchestra • Choir • Madrigals • etc.

2-9 August 1980

Directors: James Maddocks, June Mills.

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19-26 July 1980

Details:
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Fishguard, Pembrokeshire
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Tel: (0348) 873612

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May 22–June 1 1980

pfa

Full programme details available from The Festival Headquarters, The Round House, Perth. Tel: (0738) 22900

English Bach Festival

Director: Lina Lalandi OBE
LONDON April 28-May 10.
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First performance 29 July 8.30 p.m.
Matinees 3 p.m. Tues-Sun 8.30 p.m.
Final performance 16 Aug 8.30 p.m.

for further information
write enclosing SAE to
Belgrade Theatre
Corporation Street
Coventry CV1 1GS
Box Office Coventry (0203) 20205

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Henryk Szeryng

BBC Symphony Orchestra, SNO, Ballet Rambert, Opera Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, Fitzwilliam Quartet, Marisa Robles, Frankl-Pauk-Kirshbaum, Nash Ensemble, Christopher Hogwood, Academy of Ancient Music.

Free brochure from: N. S. Tyndall, Town Hall, Cheltenham Glos. GL50 1QA or telephone (0242) 23690.

Leon Garfield, S-F writers like Christopher Priest, writers from the north like Henry Livings, dramatists like David Pownall, poets including four from Ulster, and so on. Events include creative writing workshops

Continuing problem: money. Half the Festival's income still come from grants and donations. How can its future be assured?

Thanks to Ray Brown and David Harrison for information.

Selected Festivals

The selection of festivals listed below is taken largely from informatio sent to us by the organisers. Further information about many mor festivals is to be found in the Arts Council publication *Festivals in Gre Britain 1980.*

Arts in General

Arundel Festival *23-31 August*
Barmouth Arts Festival *8-20 September*
Barnwood Festival of Worship and the Arts *4-11 May*
Bath Festival *23 May-8 June*
Battle Festival *18-27 July*
Bexley Arts Festival *21-22 June*
Bracknell Festivities *28 June-27 July*
Brighton Festival *3-18 May*
Buxton Festival *22 July-10 August*
Calne Music and Arts Festival *7-15 June*
Cambridge Festival *19 July-3 August*
Chester Festival *21 June-6 July*
Chichester Festivities *5-19 July*
Corby Festival *11-20 July*
Crosby Arts Festival *6-18 October*

ARUNDEL FESTIVAL

23-31 August 1980

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The Tourist Information Office,
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SAE for programme details to:
Dept M, Filmhouse, 88 Lothian Road
Edinburgh EH3 9BZ.

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Devon-American Fortnight International Festival *26 September-11 October*
Dumfries and Galloway Festival *21-28 May*
East Midlands Arts 'What We Have' *5-31 May, Northampton; 7 June-12 July, Nottingham; 19 July-16 August, Leicester; 23 August-20 September, Derby; 27 September-12 October, Milton Keynes*
Edinburgh Fringe Festival *17 August-6 September*
Edinburgh International Festival *17 August-6 September*
Edington Priory Festival *17-24 August*
Exeter 1900 *16 March-30 November*
Exeter Annual Festival *24 May-7 June*
Exeter Autumn Festivities *23 September-4 October*
Festival of the City of London *7-18 July*
Gorleston—St Andrew's Festival of Music and the Arts *1-15 November*
Greenwich Festival *14-29 June*
Hackney Festival *June/July*
Harrogate International Festival *31 July-13 August*
Hebden Bridge — New Arts Festival *24 May-7 June*
Hunstanton Festival of Arts *12-24 May*
Lake District Festival *23 May-14 June*
Lambeth Summer Festival *28 June-20 July*
Leicester Arts Festival *6-21 June*
Liverpool — Hope Street Festival *31 May-1 July*
Livingston Festival *7-21 June*
Llandaff Festival *9-19 June*
Llandrindod Wells Festival *26 July-2 August*
London Entertains — the Third Festival of Many Cultures in London *7-12 July*
Malvern Festival *19 May-1 June*
Mananan Festival of Music and the Arts *14-25 June*
Mayfield Festival of Music and the Arts *9-18 May*
Merton Festival *7-24 May*
Newbury Spring Festival *14-24 May*
Newton Abbott Festival *17-24 May*
Nottingham Festival *31 May-15 June*
Oxford Festival *July & August*
Pershore Festival *14-28 June*
Perth Festival of the Arts *22 May-1 June*
Plymouth — Drake 400 Commemorative Festival *10 May-28 September*

LUDLOW FESTIVAL

21ST ANNUAL SEASON
Of
Open Air Theatre
in
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24 June — 5 July
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Directed by David Kelsey 2.30 &
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Visit or send S.A.E., for full brochure to:-
Festival Box Office, Castle Square,
Ludlow, Salop. Tel: 0584-2150.

FESTIVALS IN GREAT BRITAIN

A list of festivals in Great Britain in 1980 with dates and addresses for further information. Forecast dates also given for 1981 and beyond, where known.

Obtainable for 75p (£1.00 by post) from Arts Council Shop, 8 Long Acre, London WC2E 9LG.

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OF GREAT BRITAIN

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English National Opera North
Fitzwilliam String Quartet
James Galway
Grimethorpe Colliery Band
Alan Hacker
Hallé Orchestra
Huddersfield Choral Society
Rafael Kubelik
Landini Consort
Julian Lloyd Webber
Magnus Magnusson
Midnite Follies Orchestra
The Paper Bag Players (New York)
Ian Partridge
Marisa Robles
Nigel Rogers
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Prunella Scales
Scottish Chamber Orchestra
Peter Seymour
Richard Stilgoe
Kathryn Stott
Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
Paul Tortelier
Gillian Weir
Moray Welsh
Yorkshire Bach Choir
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Festival Director: Richard Gregson-Williams
Full programme with booking form available now. Please send SAE to Festival Office, 1 Museum Street, York YO1 2DT. Telephone (0904) 26421

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Evenings 8.0; Matinees 2.15

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GAS LIGHT (Patrick Hamilton)
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (Oscar Wilde)
DINNER WITH THE FAMILY (Jean Anouilh)
MR. KLEBS AND ROZALIE (René de Obaldia) British Premiere
DEADLINE (David Hutchison) World Premiere

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1980
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Full Programme details from The Festival Administrator, Kett House, Station Road, Cambridge. CB1 2JX. PLEASE SEND s.a.e. (10" × 7").
Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Tel. 0223 357851.
Postal bookings open from Friday 30 May 1980, Personal bookings from Friday 6 June 1980.

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Full Details
Festival Director
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Leicester

0533 549922

LEICESTER FESTIVAL '80.

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Events will include:— Theatre, Films, Orchestral and Chamber Concerts, UFOs, Rock and Reggae, Street Parties, Comic Books and Childrens Events.

Full Programme Details From:—
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Telephone:
01-622 9944
Ext. 234.
LAMBETH

Rolleston Festival *8-9 and 16-18 May*
Rye Festival *30 August-6 September*
Salisbury Festivities *4-17 September*
St Endellion Festival of Music and Drama *30 July-8 August*
St Ives Festival *5-28 September*
St Magnus Festival, Orkney *20-25 June*
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Wavendon Summer Season *23 May-13 July*
West Riding Cathedrals Festival (Sheffield) *16-18 October*
Wetherby Arts Festival *31 October-5 November*
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Windsor Festival *26 September-10 October*
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Music

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and Arts *6-22 June*
Bexhill on Sea Festival of Music *21-22 June*
Boxhill Music Festival *6-8 June*
Cardiff Festival of Music *29 November-13 December*
Bristol Proms *11-17 May*
Broadstairs Festival of Music *23 April-11 July*
CBSO Proms (Birmingham) *23 June-12 July*
Cheltenham International Festival of Music *29 June-13 July*
Cheltenham Proms *16-17, 19-20 June*
Chester Summer Music Festival *19-26 July*
Durham Music Festival *12 October-2 November*
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Sunlight & Soap

The Barbara Hepworth Museum *St Ives*
Pictures for an Exhibition *Whitechapel*
Lord Leverhulme *Royal Academy*

Barbara Hepworth first saw St Ives in 1939. She and Ben Nicholson took their family for a holiday with Adrian Stokes, who had a house at Carbis Bay. Hepworth had not been keen on the idea: 'arriving in August at midnight with very weary children, in pouring rain, my spirits were at zero'. As it turned out, they stayed for the duration of the war, buying their own house at Carbis Bay, and Hepworth herself stayed for the rest of her life. In 1949 she acquired Trewyn Studio, near St Ives' Parish Church and a few streets up from the harbour, and she died there in a fire in 1975. The studio and its garden have now been turned into a small museum, with 27 sculptures from all periods of her career on display, and the whole is to be handed over to the Tate, probably in the autumn.

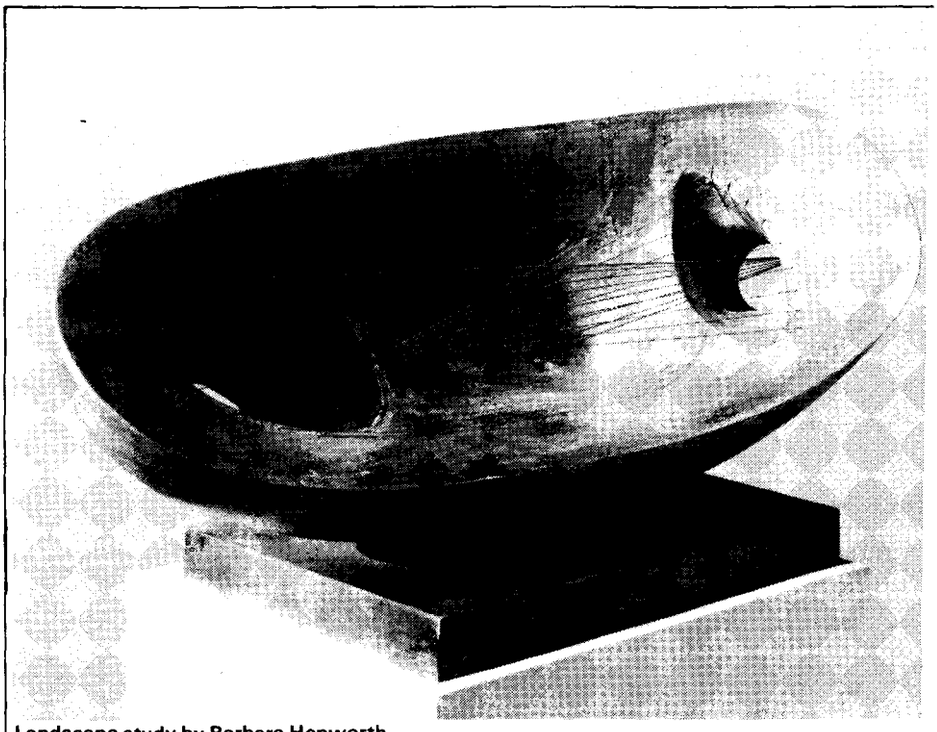
The view of St Ives as you descend from Carbis Bay is astonishing, even if you're already accustomed to other parts of Cornwall, as though an exotic resort from the Mediterranean had been transferred intact by some unimaginably rich millionaire. The same sort of surprise awaits the visitor to the Museum. The room you enter from the street has a slightly underground feeling, not exactly dark, but well shut in. It was originally the kitchen, dining-room and bathroom and now contains photographs of the artist, some partly-worked woodcarvings, catalogues, mementoes and various writings in her large, easily legible hand. Her sentiments are rather vague and sweepingly optimistic for today's taste:

> I think that the very nature of art is affirmative, and in being so reflects the laws, and the evolution of the universe — both in the power and rhythm of growth and structure as well as the infinitude of ideas which reveal themselves when one is in accord with the cosmos and the personality is free to develop.

It seems altogether appropriate that she should have designed the sets and costumes for Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage:* both artists are lyricists with a disconcerting strain of lofty mysticism. Hepworth's text in *A Pictorial Autobiography* (on sale at the Museum) treats the less sunny aspects of her life, such as her divorce from Ben Nicholson, with almost ludicrous brevity: 'In 1951, after 20 years of family life, everything was to fall apart.'

The Museum's surprise is its first-floor room, ex-workshop, bedroom and sitting-room. You ascend a small staircase from the far corner of the ground-floor and emerge head-first into the brilliant white light of a room on a Greek Island. The sculptures here begin with the very early *Infant* (1929), made of black Burmese wood, a small, highly-polished, rotund deity, placed in an upright position but actually representing a baby asleep, the enormous head turned sideways, the stumpy arms raised to frame the head. Here also are the original maquette for the John Lewis sculpture in Oxford Street (rejected as not being sufficiently Hepworthian); the shield-shaped walnut carving *Single Form* in memory of Hepworth's friend Dag Hammarskjöld, a huge version of which was later set up outside the UN building in New York; and the late marble carving, *Fallen Images,* completed a few months before Hepworth's death.

After this Aegean room, the garden, with its palms, bamboos, cherry blossom, potting-shed and the chimes of the church clock every quarter, returns you partly to England. There are bronze sculptures under almost every bush and the vast *Four Square (Walk Through)*



Landscape study by Barbara Hepworth

dominates the lawn. Two sheds which Hepworth used for plaster work and stone-carving have been left as they were at her death, unfinished pieces scattered about, tools lined up neatly on tables, chips of stone on the floor, dusty overalls on the door. In the yard in front are a turntable and a miniature quarry of stone blocks. Beside a lily-pond stands a bronze version of the beautiful, quintessentially Hepworthian *Spring 1966,* a hollowed-out, stringed oval, suggesting all at once a head, a cave and a musical instrument. In front of a clump of bamboo the monumental six-piece *Conversation with Magic Stones* seems less grand but more mysterious and more intrinsic to its surroundings than the cast in Regent's Park. This and other pieces in the garden have an unexpected soft blue patina, probably because the air here is so much cleaner than in the cities where one usually sees them ar where they are liable to blacken.

As to whether Hepworth was, as Ala Bowness believes, 'one of the greate sculptors of the 20th century', or merely or of the best of that pleasant, if minor, school Cornish abstract/landscape artists whic flourished in the Fifties and Sixties, the que tion on this home ground seems irrelevant. all works, it all belongs. In St Ives one ca simply accept Hepworth at her own valuatio 'I, the sculptor, *am* the landscape.'

The Whitechapel's *Pictures for an Exhib tion* was hastily assembled to replace a C Twombly retrospective which fell through. A if to suggest what a merciful release it h been, a Cy Twombly scribble faces you as yo enter. Actually it was chosen, like all the oth pictures in the show, by a contempora British painter, presumably because he lik it. The trouble with the show is not the id (an excellent one, which might be tried aga in more deliberate circumstances), but the i evitable haste. Some of the artists invited choose paintings from private collections ha evidently been to some trouble, but othe have casually settled for whatever could found at short notice. Several have worked the principle of certain book-reviewers choc ing Christmas books for the Sundays: pl your friends. Only one or two have offer reasons for their choice. The thing, then, bran-tub, with a few prizes: a Balthus gir Seurat boy, a Morandi still-life and an quisite Mughal drawing. Allen Jones chosen two paintings by his father, Keni Martin a relief by his wife, Peter Blak Howard Hodgkin of himself and his wife, Carel Weight one of those extraordin obsessive little battle-scenes by the prodig Martin Handford (now 20, but 12 wher painted this one) which appear every yea the RA Summer Show.

Lord Leverhulme, the Edwardian s millionaire, built Port Sunlight and four the Lady Lever Art Gallery there. He seem have been an entrepreneur and philanthro of an almost classically insufferable kin stereotype worthy of Shaw. Unilever (for 50 years ago from a merger of I

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Leverhulme's soap-firm and the Dutch Margarine Union) have sponsored the showing of part of his collection of British paintings, furniture and Chinese porcelain at the RA. The furniture (all 18th-century) and the porcelain (mainly 17th-century blue-and-white and famille verte) are magnificent; there is also a fine selection of Wedgwood pottery. The paintings are mostly dire. There are two portraits by Reynolds, one by Hoppner and one by Gainsborough, with a dull, Claudesque Wilson and a dubious Constable oil-sketch (if it is not a forgery, it might as well be); otherwise everything is of Leverhulme's own period. He sometimes bought pictures (such as Frith's *New Frock*) to serve as soap ads, sometimes (such as Riviere's *Fidelity*) to give away as colour-prints in exchange for soap-wrappers, but most often because he thought of art as a social and moral asset to the community. Leighton's *Garden of the Hesperides*, Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel* and Burne-Jones's *Beguiling of Merlin* are the most pretentious pieces here. The only bearable ones are Orchardson's *St Helena 1916* (a spacious scene in pale colours of Napoleon dictating his memoirs) and Gregory's lively boating jamboree *Boulter's Lock*. But it's amazing, once you get into that frame of mind, how many suggest the use of soap in one way or another.

Lost Horizon

ALAN PLATER joins the ranks of censored television writers

As a card-carrying member of, among other things, the Writers' Guild of Great Britain and the General Advisory Council of the BBC, it follows that I protest dutifully at banning of programmes and rumours of censorship. I make no claim to objectivity: I'm on the side of the creator, right or wrong, in the sure and certain knowledge that history is on our side. Now, rather to my surprise, I have joined the banned, and while there's no disgrace in belonging to the same organisation as, say, Messrs Potter and McEwan, the experience hurts and the implications rankle.

In the spring of 1978, I was invited by Simon Campbell-Jones, editor of BBC-2's science programme *Horizon* — a regular jewel in the BBC's Annual Report — to script a drama-documentary about schizophrenia. *Horizon* had acquired a manuscript by Ahmad Alami, a Palestinian doctor who, on 17 February 1972, killed three children, by stabbing, in the Blackpool Victoria Hospital. Alami arrived in England in March 1970, hoping to complete his examinations in ophthalmology. He worked at hospitals in Rochdale, Bournemouth and, finally, Blackpool. He had a history of mental illness going back to his time in the Palestinian Army, when he was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic. Through his time in England, he sought specialist help, though without telling his immediate professional colleagues.

After the killings he was found unfit to plead, sent to Broadmoor and later allowed to return to Jerusalem, in protective custody. While in Broadmoor he wrote the manuscript that was offered to me as the basis for the suggested film. It seemed to be a unique opportunity to examine, from within, a disintegrating mind, and to ask the only proper civilised question when confronted with such horror: why?

I accepted the assignment on three main conditions. First, that under no circumstances would the killings be shown on screen; second, that the treatment of the events would be consciously low-key, restrained and 'undramatic'; third, that if there were the slightest suggestion of opposition from the parents, the project would not go ahead. Simon Campbell-Jones wrote to the parents, inviting their objections, but none was forthcoming. Indeed, there was reason to think that they, and the Blackpool police, would welcome a re-examination of the case because of the broader implications of internal hospital security.

The script was completed, with suitable specialist advice, and filming started in October 1978, with Simon Campbell-Jones directing. However, on 3 October, the *Lancashire Evening Post* ran a story headlined 'Amazing Secret of Film on Butchered Babies' stating that the BBC was planning a Shock-Horror Film scripted by Alami himself. The *Horizon* office had indicated to the newspaper that this was not the case, but truth was clearly seen as an obstacle to be cleared on the way to a good story. Walter Clegg, MP for North Fylde, wrote to Ian Trethowan, the Director General, asking for an explanation. Four MPs tabled a Commons Motion on the subject. In December Clegg sent a petition to the Director General, though this was not signed by the parents, nor did they respond to considerable pressure from the newspapers to involve themselves in the controversy.

Ian Trethowan asked Alasdair Milne, Managing Director of Television, to investigate. In January 1979, Milne saw an early rough-cut version of the film, still lacking its final soundtrack — an unsatisfactory and unfair time to assess a piece of work consciously written, played and directed in an oblique style, shaded in grey. Indeed, there would have been more sense in reading the script and my original notes, which set out our intentions with care and absolute precision. In the event, Milne's report to Trethowan was apparently some way short of ecstasy and on 5 January the Director General wrote to Walter Clegg saying that 'we have decided not to proceed with the programme'.

The programme-makers were told of this afterwards and, predictably, were not amused. Wires hummed, memos blossomed and people agonised over their reappraisals. In February, Milne agreed to reconsider the finished film, plus additional 'safeguards' suggested from the creative end of the operation.

This final 'package' consisted of the film, plus a pre-programme introduction by a leading psychiatrist, clarifying its intentions, and an after-the-programme studio discussion — on the age-old BBC premise that you can get away with most things if you discuss them afterwards in a 'balanced' way. Perhaps the most important element in the revised package was a report on the film from a leading member of the Institute of Psychiatry who commented: 'my overall opinion is highly favourable . . . moving and absorbing . . . honest, unemotional, neither sentimental nor sensational . . . an excellent case history' in the context of a report that is almost embarrassing in its cool generosity.

My grapevine understanding is that Brian Wenham, Controller of BBC-2, was happy for the revamped programme to be transmitted, but on 15 February of this year, I had my first direct communication from Alasdair Milne, saying:

> I have decided not to transmit it and I wanted you to know why. All along we were anxious that a study of the case would upset the parents . . . and as you know, the Director General had some correspondence on that theme about a year ago . . . I simply don't think that the story or the treatment has emerged in strong enough form to contemplate the kind of distress we might cause.

In fact there is no evidence of any protest at any time by the parents of the dead children. I replied to the letter, defending our work, and repeating an earlier suggestion that the MPs who had been offended at a distance might be invited to view the film prior to transmission. Milne wrote to me again on 25 February with

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the intriguing statement: 'I was not personally much put out by the MPs' involvement, and my decision . . . has nothing to do with that . . . I just don't think it works on the screen . . .'

On the other hand, a number of people think it *does* work on the screen: Simon Campbell-Jones, Paul Bonner, the Head of Science and Features, Brian Wenham, and a leading clinical psychiatrist.

The implications that rankle are simple to define. Had the MPs not complained, there would have been no need for a Milne preview. A politically-prompted viewing revealed a lack of 'merit' — to which one can only reply: ho hum.

Inevitably, the background echoes add their menacing descant. At the time of the killings, the parents and the police wanted a public inquiry and the Area Health Authority did not. Like the lady said: they wouldn't, would they? A man went out of his mind over a period of two years, when in daily contact with a range of medical colleagues. And while the intention behind the film was and is a study, in the first person, of acute paranoid schizophrenia, there are people and institutions who would prefer to forget the whole damn thing.

Alasdair Milne, Managing Director, BBC Television, writes: *'My comment is this. Neither Brian Wenham nor I thought the completed version good enough to warrant the distress we remained certain we would cause if it were transmitted.'*

Theatre — 1

Benedict Nightingale

Wrangles as Dowries

Private Lives by NOEL COWARD *Duchess*
Creditors by STRINDBERG *New End*
Third Flight by MICHAEL McGRATH *Bush*

Not a good week for marriage. Still less a good one for husbands, especially second husbands. The end of *Private Lives* leaves a member of this oppressed species rejected, abandoned, and loudly yowling at the woman who, one suspects, will become his next wife; but that's nothing compared to the last moments of *Creditors,* which brings the poor wretch crashing to the floor with what, in Roy Macready's production, looks very much like strawberry cordial stickily smeared across his mouth, watched by those who have destroyed him, namely his own wife and her first husband. Coward and Strindberg would, I feel, have found rather little in common if they had been marooned together on a desert island; but they would at least both have agreed with the worldly-wisdom of Ovid, whose view was that wrangles were the dowries that married people invariably brought one another.

To Coward, watching the fray from his bachelor's eyrie, this was an oddly comforting thought. Quarrels proved that people were alive and love real. His more attractive characters are unruly egoists who find it impossible to live either with or without each other; and nowhere is this more apparent than in the second act of *Private Lives,* which brings its reunited divorcees to a Paris flat and consists of love, quarrel, reconciliation, love, quarrel, reconciliation, love, quarrel, flaming row, curtain. The third act produces yet another reconciliation between the errant Elyot and Amanda — achieved, incidentally, while their official spouses are proving the value of their own emotional coin by tearing each other to pieces — but we know that it is only another stitch in a pattern that will continue until his or her death. 'We're tormenting one another,' says Amanda glumly: to which Elyot's reply is 'we're in love all right.' Fulfilment, it seems, is only to be found in the art-deco torture-chamber.

My perverse hope is that one day I'll see a brutalist *Private Lives,* which forgets to think of itself as a comedy and reveals some of the desperation inside the narcissistic banter. Alan Strachan's production is far from that; but at least it is not as self-conscious and brittle as some I've seen. Michael Jayston's Elyot does not purport to be Noel Coward in disguise, and comes sans clipped urbanity or anything else that might infer it; and Jenny Quayle, playing his second wife with a chummy ingenuousness that evolves into self-righteous glee, does much to humanise a part the author himself thought 'little better than a ninepin, lightly wooden and only there at all to be repeatedly knocked down and stood up again.' The doubt, I suppose, is the Amanda offered by Maria Aitken, a long, tapering, slightly aslant beauty who might be the exotic result of the coupling of an exclamation and a question mark, or maybe of a giraffe and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Perhaps she misses a vulnerability somewhere in the character. Yet her acting is, on the whole, stylish rather than stylised; and her sometimes blasé manner and fulsome gestures always seem part of the wayward, ironic front with which she teases the world, not simply the robotic eccentricities of the comedy of manners. One believes in her, if not quite in her rage, jealousy or pain.

All these commodities, plus any amount of desperation, are there in *Creditors,* in which a first husband takes revenge on his serenely destructive ex-wife by revealing both to her and to her present husband the true gruesomeness of their marriage. This is a very dense piece, not easily summed up; but there are some familiar creatures, or at least familiar to those who know their author's zoological biases, lurking in the dramatic forest. The overwhelming fear and danger is of being cannibalised, body and mind, spirit and soul. A man can almost literally be sucked dry or, as happens at the denouement, sucked dead. The trouble at New End is that the play, while not exactly acted by Noel Coward's ninepins, gets a somewhat nervous, awkward performance from its three players, Heather Sears, Philip Bowen and Malcolm Rennie. True, it isn't easy to inject the quiver of life into lines like 'the snake is full — now she vomits up her victim' or (the second husband complaining about his wife's infidelities) 'Little Brother doesn't want you to love any other little brothers.' But it might have helped if the director had remembered that Strindberg dubbed the play a tragi-comedy and wrote that it was 'humane, good-humoured, with all three characters sympathetic.' That may sound disingenuous, given the virulence of its parts, not to mention the tenor of the whole; but a little more laughter and warmth might have left us feeling we'd seen a human document rather than a psychopathic episode. If Coward nee to be played rather more like Strindbe Strindberg could do with a peppering Coward.

Third Flight involves that peculiarly mode marital tussle: who looks after the tot? Shou it be pa the architect, or ma the biologist? F a time we watch the woman staggering ho exhausted and grumpy from the lab, while l housewife-husband moans about his nerves satiric inversion of domestic conventic amusing at times. But before long i becon clear that Mr McGrath thinks the n her neurotically rejecting her baby and o ht renounce her grim calling, which cons. ts torturing animals in hopes of perfecting a s burn cream. This she eventually does, tho rather suddenly and implausibly, leaving with a play which, while very far from cru MCP propaganda, should still go down pre well in the masculine piggery. David Hov and Anna Nygh perform it all with, respecti ly, well-meaning fluster and an icy distinctic

Theatre — 2

Paul Allen

Glass of Blood

Blood Black and Gold by GERARD McLAR
Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester

Blood Black and Gold is a religious play, none of your laid-back social conscience religion or your Is-God-A-Person? theolog debates either; it is the full-blown mys works addressing itself to deeper, older, n gaudy and more dangerous matters like and death, sex and slaughter. It is a dark smoky sort of brew, like the glass of f blood that one character takes to set hin for the day but with this difference: a armed with a test tube could presumabl relied on to tell you the specific propertie such a tipple. Something more than the pu analyst is required here.

Set in Ireland, more or less in the pre but without any obvious concern for pe it links a fairground family of dyn pretensions (its head is called King) wi decorous girl-dancing-troop guided with gentility by the lady offspring of on Ireland's great slaughterhouse families. of her life-starved girls is ravished away b fairground heir, goes through a romantic tinker's wedding and is promptly and bru rejected in a mixture of fear and disgust v she is found to have cancer of the womb.

Put into a hospice for the dying absconds and seeks refuge with a priest l wild on a hilltop who has given her some of message that isn't hope, isn't consol and isn't altogether clear. But it offer enough strength to die howling not in m or bitterness but only in pain.

One of the typical complexities of the lies in the fact that the girl is Jewish by and of no religion by choice; not simpl outside the customary reach of institut Christianity but tending to reject it and ev be rejected by it. More important, thou the priest's own story. We see him first

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down and out, part beast, part holy idiot and three parts drunk, seeking more poteen to help him clear the lump in his throat. And what is that obstruction? None other than God. While celebrating Mass at the feast of Corpus Christi he looked into the chalice and saw not bread and wine but a perfectly formed infant Jesus with old man's eyes forcing him to go ahead and eat.

Now sober and more or less intelligible, this man offers the creed that if God became man, then man can and must become God, and how else than by living up to or dying up to God's human suffering? What we are watching is Judith's crucifixion.

That at least is the logic of the play, if I've got it right. It abounds in powerful visual images but also in some ragged, ranting, obscurantist verbiage. The subject-matter is more potent than you would think in these coolly secular times. The language at its best is virile and arresting, witness a description of the pallor of moonrise as like a dead day coming back to life; but at its worst it is full of that self-conscious Irishness which is one of the persistent pains of the British theatre. Mr McLarnon does well with his comparisons of beasts and men, of slaughter and sacrifice, of religion and circus. But what are we to make of the fairground witches, noisily expiring in a see-through black tent meant to represent a subterranean cave? Or of the final view of dead girl and sleeping priest curled up together on a filthy mat while a monster bull puppet used in the celebration of the King's wedding circles them chanting: 'Eat us, eat us'?

Obscurity leads remorsely to the boredom politely voiced by some members of the departing audience of the opening night. I never really believed that the cast in Braham Murray's production fully understood what was going on either. As trivial evidence I offer the wild divergence of Irish accents, merely a small symptom of a deeper lack of familiarity with the matter of the play and its anti-realistic style.

The cast is neither so weighty nor so flash as the Royal Exchange usually musters, but there is a promisingly strong and clear performance from Clare Higgins as the victim-heroine; Carmel McSharry is discreetly witty as the dancing teacher who quivers with pleasure beneath her gentility the minute you mention blood; and Nick Stringer makes a fine, knowing, lustful fairground boss until he succumbs to the general temptation to be merely noisy in the second half. And that's the way the play goes too.

Films

John Coleman

Mixed Doubles

The Last Married Couple in America (X) *Plaza*
Sweet William (AA) *Classic, Haymarket*
Grey Gardens (A) *Minema*
1941 (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*

Last week there was Burt Reynolds unwedlocked in *Starting Over*. Just over a decade ago we had Mazursky's *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Welcome, now, to Jeff and Mari and Marv and Sally and Al and Alice and Max and Helena in Gilbert Cates's *The Last Married Couple in America*, a superficial but appealing comedy about the facts of husband and wife in wealthy Los Angeles, wittily and sometimes acutely written by John Herman Shaner. The plot is summed up in the line, Divorce is one of America's biggest growth-ndustries', delivered by a lecherous lawyer. Natalie Wood, a link with the Mazursky, is Mari, wife of Jeff (George Segal): they are the ouple of the title and — as their Sunday after-ioon touch football friends separate pair by)air — a kind of mutual guilt at being happy hough married fouls things up for them, too. eff reluctantly succumbs to a motel poke with Mari's best friend Barbara (Valerie Harper), a elentless divorcée who has had her vagina ghtened in the cause of orgasm, and con-:acts clap. By mischance, all three meet at the linic for 'Vietnam 'flu' jabs, when Mari twigs hat's really up and slings Jeff out.

He goes to stay with Marv (Richard Ben-amin), who would be having a ball if he eren't impotent. This is, after all, a moral ile in its peculiar fashion, with Jeff and Mari :ntimentally reconciled at the end: at a ildish party those Sunday footballers all turn up, only with one another's ex-mates, and there is much glaring and staring. Excellent finds include Jeff's long, honest speech to Barbara about why he didn't enjoy himself as they drive away from the motel; Dom DeLuise as a plumber turned skinflick stud, met at a rink ('That's why I'm learning to skate. My next film's called *Rollerbang*'); male concern about being no longer able to pee in an arc ('My stream doesn't have the old force any more'); and Mari's incredulous and amused put-down of the lawyer-seducer's well-rehearsed and usually successful advances. 'You cut my tie off,' he complains. She smiles grimly. 'Guess what's next?' The key-scene could be when Mari drives a blindfolded Jeff to his surprise birthday dinner. They end up to his dismay at a drive-in hamburger joint. Then she discloses she has nothing on under her fur coat. They're at it, parked at the roadside, when a policewoman flashes a torch. Her clear surprise that these are no teenagers is part of a running theme. Nothing's for ever and all the sexual swaps (elsewhere ascribed to 'police strikes and Women's Lib and condominiums') indicate not so much lust as a fear of encroaching middle-age, a yearning for the hot, L-plate excitements of youth.

Without having read Beryl Bainbridge's *Sweet William*, which she has now turned into a film, directed by Claude Whatham (*That'll Be The Day, Swallows and Amazons, All Creatures Great and Small*), it is impossible to decide whether this is one of those awkward occasions where what works on the printed page becomes more strident and *obvious* converted into 92 consecutive minutes of walking, talking images: 'real' people before one's very eyes. Certainly, there is a major stumbling-block in sweet William himself, a playwright and omnipotent, compulsive philanderer. Sam Waterston does his utmost in an ungrateful role to get over at least some of the confident charm that must be there if the film is to have credibility; it isn't enough. Ann (a beautiful performance from Jenny Agutter) has seen her fiancé unfondly off to America. Then William breezily picks her up at a school concert, to which she has taken her landlady's daughter. The same evening, he sends a TV round to her flat so that she can watch him being interviewed by Melvyn Bragg. She is already in love with him and in no time at all they are making early morning love while poor Pamela (Geraldine James), a cousin come to stay with Ann, sits moodily on the loo seat, imprisoned in the bathroom.

There is plenty of incident. Pamela is pregnant ('She's got this man called George. He lives in Clapham,' explains Ann), aborts, and recuperates back at Ann's place. William has explained he is divorced — he has two sons — but only later reveals he remarried two years ago, insisting that his second wife Edna (Anna Massey) and Ann should meet. The encounter is tacky and succeeding events prove more mysterious, cloaking William's rushing from one woman to the next. It becomes clear he still sleeps with Edna and has bedded Pamela, the landlady, and an actress in his play. Ann in turn conceives; an elegant pram arrives at the new flat she has insisted on; Edna drops by, asking if she likes it — 'I bought it at John Barnes'. Ann sobs, 'I don't understand any of you'. Life is a seesaw, one minute huge merriment at a Greek taverna, the next misery as a lock of Ann's hair about to be buried in a park proves to be jet black, someone else's. There is a lot that is admirable in detail and the playing is mostly superb, notably that of Daphne Oxenford as Ann's nagging mum (at one point raging away in just a slip and a hat, at another giggling helplessly in bed with Ann as William hammers at night on a window: 'Does he think he's Heathcliff?') and of the ineluctable Arthur Lowe as wistful, downtrodden pa with exactly one line as Ann scoots rapidly after an awful domestic Xmas: 'Oh, something cropped up?' William turns up for the home delivery of Ann's baby, then saunters off. Put-upon Ann looks at her baby, then at a framed photograph, and starts chuckling in a finely ambiguous close.

The Maysles brothers' *Grey Gardens* (1975) is an astounding, completely gripping filmed intrusion on the wildly eccentric life-styles of Jackie Onassis's aunt and cousin, Edith Bouvier Beale ('Big Edie') and Edith B. Beale Jr ('Little Edie'), respectively 79 and 56 when the camera turned. Both were beauties when young, Little Edie — here always seen in a head-scarf and weird but revealing garments — quite ravishing. They exist, in this 'document', in 28-roomed rancorous squalor, rehearsing fragments of better times, the old woman singing 'Tea for Two' to a cracked old recording she made in the Twenties, the plump, spinster daughter marching around, half-dancing, twirling a little flag to martial music. Compulsive: but what happened to the ladies?

Steven Spielberg's *1941*, a substantially mirthless comedy, is officially reported as having cost $26.5m. What, for heaven's sake, happened to *that*? A report next week on such conspicuous presumption.

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Television

Julian Barnes

Aberration City

Apart from the shock of seeing Lawrie McMenemy, the moral lodestar of soccer, plugging Barbican, 'the alcohol-free lager' (which sounds about as appetising as tune-free music or pleasure-free sex), the surprise of the week came in realising that satire doesn't work. We all want to subscribe to the theory of satire — that public scourging successfully chastises the victim; that the humiliation undergone has an improving effect on the hypocrite, the poseur, the buffoon. The trouble is, we begin to realise, as this Satire Age proceeds, that the victims of satire — Harold Wilson, to name but several — don't seem to understand the rules, don't seem to grasp that they are in fact being chastised. With a barely conscious sleight-of-hand, they reclassify the satire as merely humorous, affectionate even, and, finally, endorsing: so that, as often as not, the very opposite of the satirist's aim is achieved.

I've always cherished, for instance, that merciless parody of Alan Whicker by the Python team, in which a whole series of Whicker clones in dove-grey suits lazily criss-cross their way in front of camera, spouting alliterative clichés about the gaudy glitter and bejewelled bezazz of the paradise island from which they all happen to be simultaneously reporting. Whicker must have seen the sketch, and should have flinched; but has it changed him? From the evidence of his first *Whicker's World* (Yorkshire) from California, not a bit. Neither the pose nor, alas, the prose are any different.

The pose is that of the foreigner's Englishman, which in turn strikes the English eye as that of the NCO made up to officer who has learned (but not quite learned) the squirearchical way of life. The prose, alliterative, flashy and clichéd, has the additional irritating characteristic of being spoken with a large number of audible capital letters, thus: 'This Baghdad by the Bay has become Aberration City where Anything Goes.' Note, too, the mannered pause before the phrase of which Whicker is especially proud. He throws in the same hesitation before individual words — like 'gay' — which he thinks sit oddly in his mouth. As indeed they do: Whicker's natural word is 'homosexual', which he pronounces in the old English way with the first two syllables rhyming with the soap powder.

His report on minorities within the San Francisco police was lively and informative in its first part, about women cops, and rather patronising and prurient in its second, about gays; at one point Whicker was justly rebuked by a gay cop for clearly wanting his interviewee to sound less straight than he naturally did. The lesbian trainees seemed disconcertingly well-adjusted (unlike the English lesbians in this week's *Gay Life*, who proved wary and defiant: with a cause), and the SFPD women on patrol were terrific: gutsy, smart and funny in their dealings with a range of unenviable people and situations. 'Half the time they're the suspects,' commented one of the policewomen, 'and the next day they're the victims'; while the Department's wry slogan reads, 'In God we trust — everyone else we check out'. Police language, one couldn't help noticing, has developed some curious shifts of meaning — like the strangest use of the word 'good', as in 'This is a *good* shooting' (i.e. genuine); a remark then amplified into 'We've got a *good* gunshot — right here in the head'.

This was a strong programme, despite doubts about the distorting effect of the TV cameras ('how come your heart's beating so fast?' one burglar was asked; answer — because there's not just you two cops glaring at me, but a camera, seven technicians and a curious dude in a houndstooth jacket as well), and doubts about some of the police techniques — especially the use of what Robert Cushman, discussing the show on *Armchair Critics* (BBC-2), delightfully referred to as 'Asian provocateurs'. This programme is in its second week, with Susan Hill now looking a lot more relaxed in the chair. Whether the entire panel should change every week, as it has so far, is dubious: probably a slow-rotation system, as used by *Critics' Forum* (with which *AC* is currently, and stupidly, clashing), would be better. At the moment, the three guests are overlong in their intros, and not much exchange of ideas can get done. This week, for instance, there was barely time to put Simon Hoggart right over his guileless opening remark on Simon Gray's *The Rear Column*: 'I know in the theatre you're meant to suspend belief . . . but I couldn't suspend belief.'

What you have to suspend for the *Eurovision Song Contest* (BBC-1) is practically everything: indeed, probably the only way to get through its three hours unscathed would be for the suspension to be cryonic. This column's interest in the 25th anniversary fest was marginally sharpened by the recent *Arena* programme on failure, featuring the Norwegian singer who once failed to score any votes at all in a Contest. (His spectacular nullity nonetheless served as a useful power base in the world of Scandinavian chanson, and the fellow is now a decent-sized recording star.) This year, alas, there was nothing so satisfying, though Finland scraped a mere six votes, and Morocco seven.

One puzzling feature of recent Contests has been the admission of manifestly non-Euro nations; though in practice the twin demands on Arabish entrants of turning out Europap while still remaining ethnic enough not to enrage peasant viewers in the bars back home are too much of a strain for any of them to prosper votewise. This year Turkey offered us an intensely beautiful singer ('She's 35 and certainly doesn't look it' — thank you, Terry Wogan, and neither do you), but her backing of a tomtom artist plus a trio of ragged shepherdesses waving silk knickers was not the best calculated to garner the Eurovote. There were some deeply risible acts (including that Luxembourgeois quartet of penguins), though the NS's wooden microphone award for 1980 went unchallenged to the Italian group. They were led by a tall bit of male sultriness whose fashion-plate outfit (teeny collar and fettucine tie, massively padded shoulders, general uncreasedness) plus endemic lack of neck turned him into a sort of six-foot hunchback; while his joyless singing was crowned, at points of climax, by the gesture of reaching up and pulling an invisible lavatory chain. I think on the continent it's called autocriticism.

Weekend Competition

No 2614 **Set by E. O. Parro**

Express the nub of what any philosopher thinker was on about — anyone from Arist tle to Friedman — within the confines of single limerick. Up to four attempts each by May.

No 2611 **Set by A. Botema**

Updated snatches of folk wisdom.

Report **By Jeff Squif**

Mr Boteman, our distinguished setter, thoug he had made it clear that he wanted old cou try saws, little rhymes about the weather ar so on; but entrants decided that updated ve sions of nursery rhymes, music hall songs ar proverbs of all kinds would probably serv Normally, as you know, we take a pretty str view on rule-bending. However, when entered the office of Ms de Meaner to infor her of your behaviour she was remarkab cheerful: 'Really, darling, the daffodils a glowing, spring is in the air — we must generous to the little lambs. If libertarianis means anything it means the right of compe to write whatever they wish.' I think we m have to do something about Ms de Mean but at the moment I'm in no position disobey. A pound a snatch.

November is near
In electoral year
And what will poor Jimmy do then?
He'll scheme and he'll plan,
Act tough on Iran
And offer all things to all men.

BASIL RANSOME-DAV

Sunday's child sees *Songs of Praise*,
Monday's child sees *Happy Days*,
Tuesday's child sees *Blankety Blank*,
Wednesday's child sees Spencer (Frank),
Thursday's child sees *Top of the Pops*,
Friday's child sees *Keystone Cops*,
While the child that is born on a Saturday
Just sits in front of the box all day.

TED THOMP

Four executives dining with a will
Will want four copies of the bill.

A kick and a punch
And the fuzz go to lunch.

Christmas comes but once a year
But remember
It starts coming in September.

E. O. PARR

Clicks on your phone,
You're not alone.
Bugs in your bed,
What have you said?
Knock at your door,
It's Willie Whitelaw!

Where cars be thickest,
People be sickest.
Where lorries do flood,
There be lead in the blood.

BOB S

It's a poor crook that can't sell a story.

Faction speaks louder than fact.

Time and *Now!* risk no writs.

PETER PETE

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When hawk and dove
Declare their love
'Tis time for moles
To go back to their holes.

The thatcher would be idle if the carter brought no straw.

NINA HIBBIN

Ne'er cast a clout 'til the other team comes out.

BARRY BALDWIN

The scent of new-mown fingers
Tells us it is spring.

M. R. MILLER

Many hands make labour intensive.

If a job's worth doing, it's worth doing for used notes.

W. J. WEBSTER

Where sprayers fly low
Freak babies grow.
Where traffic is thick
Babies grow sick.
Plutonium nigh
Babies will die.

BOB SCOTT

Tony Miles

Chess

No 177 **Geller's defeat**

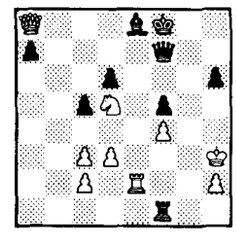
There is no doubt that in the past Effim Geller has been one of the strongest players in the world but in the last few years he has really looked past his best. Until, that is, the last few months. First he annihilated the Soviet championship, winning by a full point, then he took a board prize at the European team championship, and with one round to play at Lone Pine he was sharing the lead — all without conceding a single loss. With $10,000 at stake I figured he was due for one.

White: A. J. Miles **Black: E. Geller**

1.P-QB4, P-K3; 2.P-KN3, P-Q4; 3.B-N2, N-KB3; 4.N-KB3, B-K2; 5.P-N3, 0-0; 6.B-N2, P-B4; 7.0-0, N-B3. The last time we played (at Wyk-aan-Zee 77) Geller tried 7 . . . P-Q5!? 8.P-QN4, P-QR4, but I won that too. **8.P-K3, P-Q5; 9.PxP, PxP; 10.R-K1,** holding up . . . P-K4. The position resembles a reversed Modern Benoni, with the difference that the WQB is misplaced, but it costs Black several tempi to arrange . . . P-K4. I think White has an edge **10 . . . R-K1,** fairly obvious but apparently an innovation. Chess Encyclopedia gives . . . Q-N3 (from yet another Geller game!). **11.P-QR3, B-KN5; 12.P-Q3, B-B4; 13.QN-Q2, P-K4; 14.N-N5; 15.B-KB3!** Parting with this bishop may seem strange but it greatly improves White's piece coordination and gives good play on the light squares. **15 . . . BxB; 16.QxB, P-KR3; 17.N(5)-K4, NxN; 18.NxN, B-B1; 19.B-B1, R-K3,** not just guarding the third rank but preparing to contest the crucial f5 square. Ideally Black would like to arrange . . . P-B4, but normally White can simply prevent it by P-KN4. The text has the idea of . . . Q-Q2 and if P-KN4, R-N3. So **20.P-KR4, B-K2.** An interesting try threatening . . . P-B4 and tying White down to his QRP. **22.Q-B5, R-N1.** Counterplay! Clearly White must now play for a direct kingside attack. **23.P-KN4! P-QN4; 24.K-R2!** P-N5 is premature. **24 . . . PxP; 25.NPxP, R-N6.** Perhaps . . . N-Q1 (to meet R-KN1 with P-B3) was more realistic. Maybe Black's play on the QN file would balance White's positional grip. **26.R-KN1** Now P-N5 is coming with a bang. **26 . . . BxP** seems a strange pawn to take, but he hopes to defend by freeing K2 for the N. On 26 . . . RxQP; 27.P-N5 looks decisive (naturally White wants more than the exchange). For example 27 . . . PxP; 28.BxP, BxB; 29.NxB or 28 . . . N-Q1; 29.B-B6 or 28 . . . N-Q1; 29.B-B6 or 28 . . . P-N3; 29.B-B6, Q-R3; 30.RxPch! PxR; 31.QxRch, K-B1; 32.N-N5! QxPch; 33.K-N2 winning. Of course there are many variations but it seems that the white attack crashes through. **27.RxB, RxR; 28.BxR, QxB; 29.P-N5, Q-B1.** An admission of defeat, trying to bail out into a tenable ending. The point that Geller missed at move 26 is that . . . N-K2 allows 30.Q-B3! and suddenly back rank mates loom on QR8. The threat is 31.PxP, RxP; 32.N-N5 and it is hard to see a constructive move for Black. The only real try is 30 . . . K-B1 but then White has the nice shot 31.N-B6! and (a) . . . PxN; 32.PxRP, P-K5 (else Q-R8ch or P-R7); 33.P-R7! PxQ; 34.P-R8=Qch, N-N1; 35.RxNch, K-K2; 36.R-Q8 (or QB8). (b) . . . P-K5; 32.PxRP! PxRP (if PxQ, PxP is mate, or RxN, PxPch); 33.Q-B4! (c) . . . R-QB3 (blocking the diagonal); 32.PxP, PxP; 33.N-Q7ch (or Q-N2), K-K1; 34.NxP with, in all cases (as anyone who has seen Geller will appreciate), collapse of stout party. Also the immediate 29 . . . K-B1 fails to 30.PxP, RxP (or . . . PxP; 31.N-B6, K-K2; 32-N-Q5ch etc); 31.Q-B8ch, K-K2; 32.RxP, RxPch; 33.K-N2 and Black is helpless against the threat of Q-B7ch. **30.N-B6ch!** A simple combination but one which I considered for a long time. Clearly White wins the queen but the resulting ending is not so easy. Only when I saw the second phase assault (moves 35 onwards) did I feel safe. I remember, while thinking about this move, glanced up at the many spectators — I could almost read in their eyes 'What on earth are you thinking about you idiot, isn't it obvious?' **30 . . . PxN; 31.PxRPch, K-R1; 32.R-N7, QxR; 33. PxQch, KxP.** This is the position for which both sides had been aiming. White has a queen, but Black's mass of central pawns and solid pieces seem to give good defensive chances. However . . . **34.Q-N4ch, K-R2; 35.P-R6!** The real point of the combination. **35 . . . KxP; 36.Q-N8.** The queen gets into the heart of Black's position and his structure collapses. **36 . . . R-K2.** Short of time Geller plays the simplest move. Afterwards the kibitzers suggested 36 . . . N-N5; 37.QxP, N-N5 but that too is inadequate. White plays straight for mate with 38.K-N3 (heading for B5) and if 38 . . . P-R5; 39.K-N4 (simpler than Q-B8ch), P-B4ch (else K-B5); 40.KxP, P-R6; 41.Q-N8, R-R2; 42.Q-R8ch, R-R2; 43.Q-B6ch and mate next move. Similarly on 38 . . . NxP; 39.K-N4 achieves much the same end and finally if 38 . . . K-N4; 39.Q-N7ch, K-R4; 40.P-B4! is yet another variation on the same theme. **37.Q-QB8! R-K3.** If the N moves 38.Q-B8ch. **38.Q-R8ch.** Resigns. The little Q manoeuvre has picked up the necessary tempo and with it the game. On 38 . . . K-N3; 39.Q-N8ch, K-B4 (else QxP); 40.K-N3! P-K5; 41.Q-N4ch, K-K4; 42.Q-B4mate.

Problem 177

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 7 May.

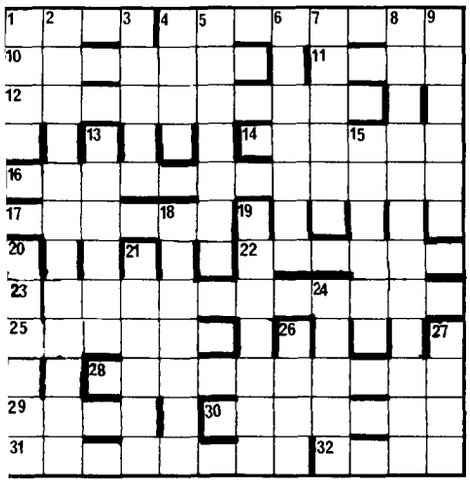


Solution to problem 175

White wins by 1.RxPch! KxR; 2.R-Blch, K-N2; 3.Q-R6ch, K-N1; 4.Q-N6ch, Q-N2; 5.Q-Q6ch, K-R1; 6.R-Rlch, Q-R2; 7.Q-B7ch, K-R1; 8.P-N6 and 9.Q-R7 mate.

Salamanca 29: 'Normal'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 29, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 6 May.



Every word is in Chambers 1977.

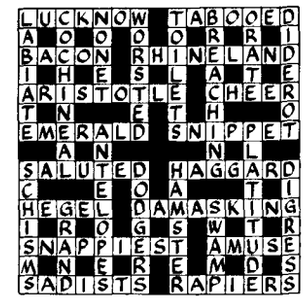
ACROSS

1 Father rather vulgar? Prunes and prism are initially given as a better alternative (4)
4 Or *gypsy* band in adventure? Risky gamble Sherlock finally conducted? (8)
10 Raja's wife, one after what's acceptable, heavenly (7)
11 Mar ballet, every other one being skilful (4)
12 A chart maker naming liner possibly? Not I (10)
14 Really miserable person about to replace one in wake (6)
16 In rambling ye trod path, one soft with these? (12)
17 Or in East's woven? (6)
22 Not long after securing ends of hide cover you have this? (6)
23 Flower or tree on stony ground around middle of carpark (12)
25 Loopy fellow in place of debauchery (6)
28 Exploring and collecting rocks like Apollo crew following crazy whims? (10)
29 Intentions some claim subtly (4)
30 Sorrow without turn of embarrassment? Deny this (7)
31 Her vigorous attention to body of male mostly something worth having to be accustomed to (8)
32 Erysipelas, terribly sore (4)

DOWN

1 Rumbling sound, when what's endlessly followed's consumed, hunter makes? (4)
2 Which climbers etc. are given a specially-prepared rich soil to cover (12)
3 In rage I've displayed this terribly (5)
4 The Bard's boy, a singer, attractive but heartless (4)
5 Here's a knight-errant, one suffering like Keats'? (7)
6 This for dressing burn, an easy thing (7)
7 Hebrew measures shaken out (6)
8 A particular nervous state of decay in people chosen to be given responsibility (12)
9 New drachme with no middle for Turks (6)
13 Keep women here, sectarian collection (6)
15 Sponge spicule — many employed in wash (6)
18 First trace of silver among what's possibly in prospector's pan? To make good (7)
19 Rises high like rising tides in where they are to be found? (7)
20 Once introduce to company mother's old domestic, erect (6)
21 Massive stakes put about in play agitate? (6)
24 Sandy ridge as came, say, from glacial shift (5)
26 A piece of fibre-glass? (4)
27 Likely to be seen at top parts of our greatly embellished edifices (4)

Solution to No 1339



Prizewinners to No 1339

Damien Wilmott (Omagh)
Mrs M. E. Owen (Painswick)
Richard P. Walsh (Dublin)

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Age Concern Westminster, 313 Harrow Road W9.
Tel: 828 8070 Extn. 3009.

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The Fellow will be encouraged to pursue his/her own work, and will be provided with study facilities on the College site. There are no specific teaching duties, but it is hoped that the person appointed will be willing to make informal contacts with both the staff and students of the College and other appropriate groups within the North West Region.

A salary of £6,500 is offered together with free accommodation.

Further particulars of the post are available from
The Principal, S. Martin's College, Lancaster LA1 3JD.
The closing date for letters of application is
12 May

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
Department of Sociology

Applications are invited for the post of

Research Assistant

to work on an investigation into Leisure and Changing Patterns of Work in the North West Cotton Textile Industry.

Candidates must have experience of social survey work and a knowledge of computer data preparation would be desirable.

The appointment is for a maximum period of two years and the initial salary will be either £4,402 or £4,728 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience of the successful candidate.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than **15 May, 1980, by**
The Registrar, The University,
P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX.
from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Quote Ref: RV/989/NS.

Research Assistant (Accounts & Statistics)

The General & Municipal Workers' Union requires an **ASSISTANT** in its Head Office Research Department to analyse company accounts and prepare reports for its negotiating officials. Work will also include analysis of official economic and employment statistics.

Numeracy essential. Accountancy qualification (or part) highly desirable. Starting salary: £6,110 p.a.

Applications with details to
Mr J. Whitty, Research Officer,
GMWU Head Office,
Thorne House, Claygate, Esher, Surrey KT10 0TL

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RADIO NEDERLAND TRAINING CENTRE

in Hilversum, The Netherlands
invites applications for the position of

Television Course-Leader

which becomes vacant on 1st July, 1980.

The Radio Nederland Training Centre is an institute of the Dutch World Broadcasting System. Its specific purpose is to support and further the information and educational uses of radio and television in the Third World.

This is achieved by giving advice on organizational, technical and programme matters to broadcasting bodies in these countries and by offering training to members of their programme staff, both in Holland and in the Third World countries. The programme production activities of the Radio Nederland Training Centre, in respect of Third World issues, coincide with those of the Radio Nederland Television Transcription Service and this has resulted in a growing co-operation between the two Radio Nederland Services.

It is within this framework that the Television Course-Leader will be required to apply his qualities of leadership and expertise. Moreover, the successful applicant, who will probably but not necessarily have Dutch nationality, must satisfy most of the following requirements:

- fluent command of the English language, in which all instructions are normally given,
- working knowledge of other languages, especially French and Spanish,
- extensive and varied experience in TV production and direction,
- ability to impart both practical and theoretical knowledge,
- talent for coping with rapidly changing circumstances,
- an interest in the development of new training methods and their adaptation to prevailing means and possibilities,
- capacity to handle groups encompassing a wide variety of cultural backgrounds and professional experience,
- an interest in the problems of developing countries,
- democratic attitude to management,
- willingness to work in Third World countries and
- to take an active part in Radio Nederland Television Transcription productions.

The salary and conditions of employment are in accordance with the official scales and agreements applicable to broadcasting staff in the Netherlands.

Selected applicants may be requested to undergo a psychological test, the outcome of which will subsequently be discussed by the psychologist and the applicant concerned.

Telephone enquires should be made to Mr. J.R. Swart, The Manager, Radio Nederland Training Centre, Hilversum, Holland: 035 (Hilversum) 4 77 79 or 035 - 1 61 51 (ext. 250).

Written applications, including full particulars and curriculum vitae, should be addressed to: The Personnel Department, P.O. Box 222, 1200 JG Hilversum, Holland.

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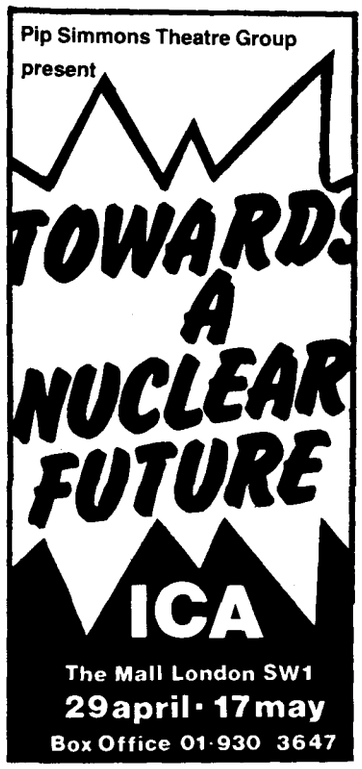

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Until 3 May 'Twelfth Night'. From 7 May 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'. From 5 June 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby'. RSC also at the Piccadilly Theatre in Pam Gems' 'Piaf' and Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Othello', 'Wild Duck', 'Death Of A Salesman', 'When We Are Married', 'Early Days'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Production of 'The Hothouse' by Harold Pinter, director Harold Pinter, designer Eileen Diss. Prevs from 24 April 8 p.m. Press night 1 May 7 p.m. Thereafter Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30 p.m.

Cinema

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Meetings

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 26 & 27 April 12.15-6.30. A weekend colloquium on Austrian Politics and Austrian Philosophy. £1.20 per day or £1.70 for the weekend. Doors open 12.00 for registration. 01-930 3647.

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the military;
women; white political parties.
Details from
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Tel.: 01-636 8000 ext 266

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The Cassal Lecture 1980 entitled: 'Intelligence et Comique dans L'Oeuvre de Moliere' will be given by Professor O. H. M. L. De Mourgues (Girton College, Cambridge) *on Tuesday, 29 April 1980 in the Chancellor's Hall* at Senate House, University of London, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION: Free Introductory Lectures weekly at 36 Craven Street, WC2; Enquiries: 839 5723. Also at Kensington Central Library every Monday 8pm.

YOU ARE INVITED to join in the Annual Buddha Day Festival at Caxton Hall, Westminster, 30 April 6.30 p.m. Books & information will be available and the opportunity to meet the speakers The Ven. Sumedho, Mr Christmas Humphreys, Dr Irmgaard Schloegl.

MAY DAY RALLY. Organised by Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) on Thursday 1 May at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Nearest tube: Holborn. 7.30 p.m. For Britain, for Peace! Out with Thatcher!

RELIGION AND GLOBAL POLITICS: Young Fabian Seminar 11 to 4.30, Saturday 26 April and 1 to 5, Sunday 27 April, Cole Room, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. Speakers: Colin Winter, Paul Oestreicher, Julian Filochowski, Hugh O'Shaughnessy. 90p per day (£1.20 *non-members*); £1.40 weekend (£1.80 non-members). All welcome.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun 27 Apr. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting 'Life, Sleep, Death'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

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